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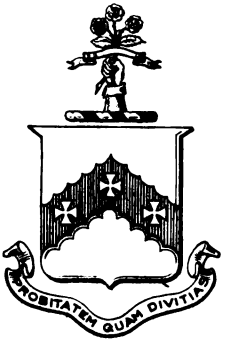

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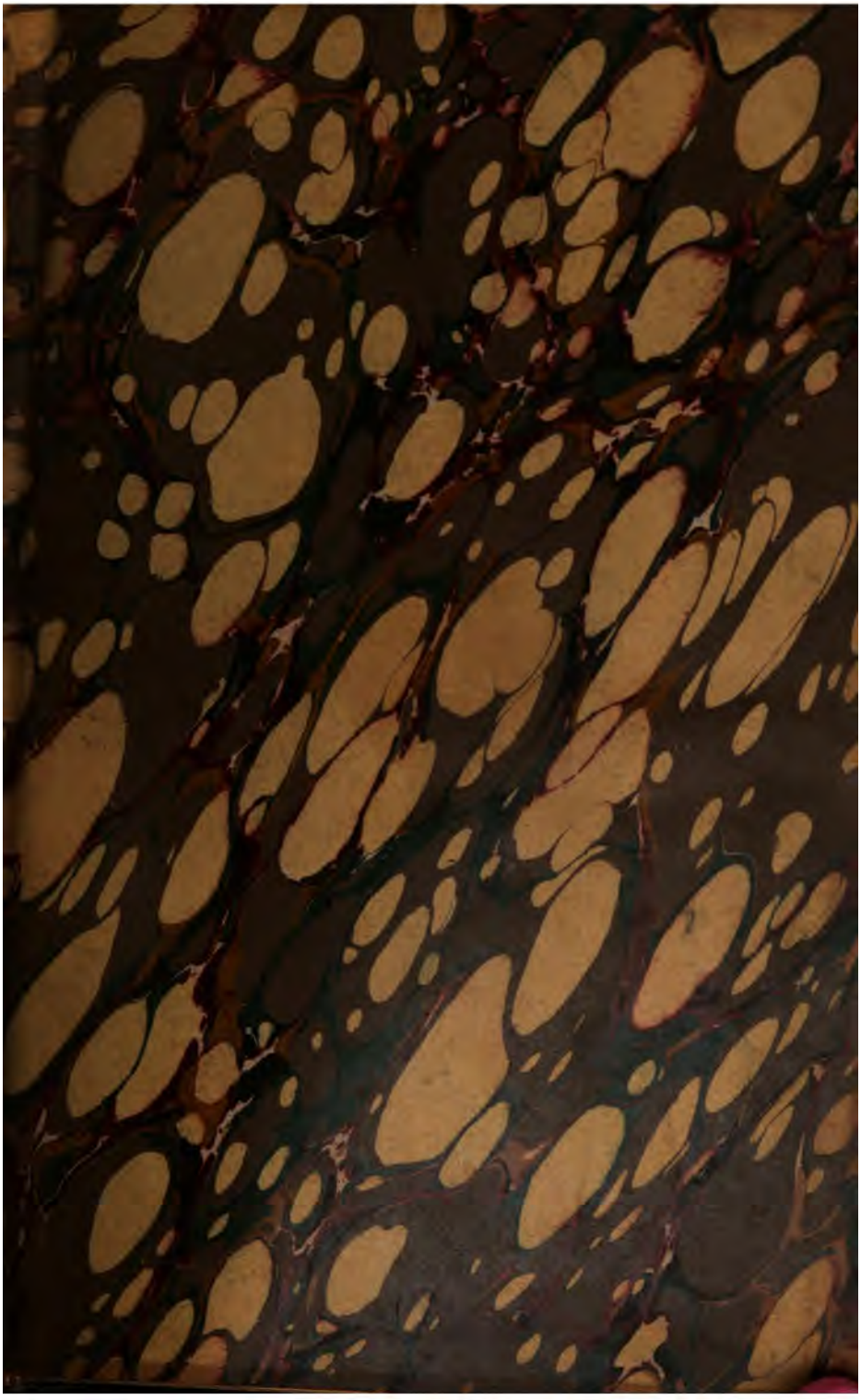

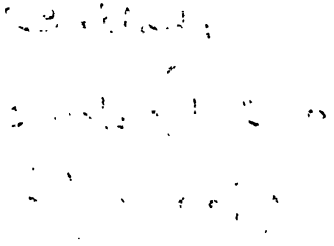

Popular Ballads

AND

Songs,

FROM

TRADITION, MANUSCRIPTS,

AND

SCARCE EDITIONS;

WITH

TRANSLATIONS OF SIMILAR PIECES

FROM THE

Ancient Danish Language,

AND

A FEW ORIGINALS BY THE EDITOR.

BY

ROBERT JAMIESON,

A. M. & F. A. S.

VOL. I.

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TO

HER GRACE

THE

DUCHESS OF GORDON,

&c. &c. &c.

THESE

RELIQUES OF ANCIENT SCOTISH POETRY

ARE INSCRIBED

BY

THE EDITOR;

BECAUSE

HER GRACE'S TASTE WILL DISCOVER

THEIR MERIT THROUGH THE RUST OF TIME;

HER PATRIOTISM WILL APPLAUD

THEIR PRESERVATION;

AND

HER ELEVATED RANK AND

DISTINGUISHED CHARACTER WILL EXTEND TO THEM

THAT PROTECTION WHICH THEY MAY JUSTLY

CLAIM FROM THE EMINENT AMONG OUR

SCOTISH MATRONS.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

In 1799, the editor of the following work, being then a classical assistant in the school of Macclesfield in Cheshire, and wishing to employ his leisure hours occasionally in some undertaking, such as might be pursued at intervals, in a manufacturing country town, where neither books nor literary society were to be met with, and which might, at the same time, serve as an agreeable relaxation from the more laborious avocations of his profession, projected the compilation which is now given to the world. Having been a lover of poetry from his childhood, and excluded during the first nineteen years of his life, by his situation and circumstances, from the more refined productions of the

British muse, he naturally became fond of popular ballads and songs; such as are sung by the rustic maiden at her spinning-wheel, or may be purchased of a pedling pamphlet-seller for a penny. The recollection of the scenes of rural gaiety and unsophisticated nature, in which he first became acquainted with these ditties, has endeared them exceedingly to his imagination, and given them an importance in his eyes, which he can hardly expect the world, in general, to allow them. Yet he doubts not but many of his expatriated countrymen, for whom chiefly this collection was first intended, will, from a similarity of circumstances, readily recognise his feelings in their own, and in distant countries, where men and manners are different, feel a satisfaction in returning with him, on the perusal of these tales of other times, the

Gnìomha làithe nam bliadhna dh'aom *,

to the scenes of youthful pleasure, which are even now changing their character so fast, that in a few years no trace of the manners, with which we were acquainted in our earlier days, will be to be found.

* Ossian, *Carthon*, l. 2.

It is a certain consequence of the extension of commerce and manufactures among a people like the Scots, that they learn to disregard and discontinue the habits, usages, and amusements of their less enlightened and refined, but not less virtuous and praiseworthy predecessors. This disregard particularly affects the superstitions, the *fabulæ aniles*, and the popular songs and tales of an antient race of men, whose character cannot be perfectly understood, if no traces are retained of their private history as individuals, as well as of their public history as a people. And it is to be regretted, that those, who have handed down to posterity the annals of their own times, have, in general, contented themselves with drawing a bold outline of the picture which they intended to exhibit, without marking the subordinate features which give to the whole a symmetry, consistency, and uniformity, without which the likeness cannot be perfect.

It was with a view of doing somewhat towards this desirable end, and more especially of throwing some additional light upon the history and nature of traditional poetry, that, a few years ago, the present writer set about collecting, in the exact state

in which they are now recited in the country, such popular ballads and songs as were still deemed to merit preservation, but had escaped the researches of former compilers.

At that time, and for upwards of a year after, he knew nothing at all of Mr Scott's intended publication; and from what he recollected of the state of ballad poetry in Scotland, he knew that there still remained materials sufficiently ample and interesting for a curious and entertaining collection, such as had not before been presented to the public. The elegant and excellent publication of Mr Scott, and the variety and extent of the present work, shew that he did not over-rate his resources.

In March, 1799, I,—a man, that acknowledges favours may be allowed to be an egotist,—communicated my design to the Rev. Dr Gerrard, professor of theology in King's College, Aberdeen, who, with his usual zeal, where the promotion of liberal pursuits is concerned, entered warmly into my views, and not only himself did every thing he could, but obtained of professor Scott of the same college, a transcript of a large collection of upwards of twenty pieces, which that gentleman had written down a

good many years ago, when he was very young, from the recitation of his aunt, Mrs Brown of Falkland.

These, being almost all new to me, and none of them having ever been printed, encouraged me to proceed with spirit and confidence; and I was much gratified to find, that the kind zeal and industry of my friends, and the obliging politeness of every person to whom I applied, or to whom the subject was introduced, was likely to enable me, in a considerable degree, to surmount the disadvantages and difficulties I laboured under, from having resided very little in the lowlands of Scotland since I was turned of fifteen, and from my being confined by a laborious employment, and very limited circumstances, to an inland manufacturing town in England. Anxious, however, to do the utmost in my power for my work, in the summer of 1800, I took a journey to the north of Scotland, and, stopping at Edinburgh in my way, was not a little mortified to find, that Mr Scott was engaged in an undertaking of the same kind, in which he had made nearly the same progress; and that the greater part of the materials collected for both works was the same.

On returning to Edinburgh, the editor had the good fortune to meet with Mr Scott, and his apprehensions of being crushed in his first literary attempt by so powerful a rival, soon gave place to the satisfaction he felt, at seeing these pieces, for which, from regarding them in some measure as his own, he had contracted a degree of affection, fall into the hands of one, who, both from his superior abilities, and local situation, was likely to do them much more justice as an editor. As Mr Scott, at that time, intended to confine his work, with very few exceptions, to the Border Raid ballads, it was hoped, that the two publications would interfere very little with each other. Had the present writer, when at Edinburgh, anticipated the subsequent extension of Mr Scott's work, he would most chearfully have given up all his materials, and rejoiced to see them fall into such good hands; but this not having been the case, he could not decently withdraw, after having committed himself so far, by giving trouble on the subject to many literary men of the highest respectability.

Of the pieces, that were common property at the time of comparing notes in 1800, the following

will be found in the second volume of the *Border Minstrelsy*: The Gay Goss Hawk, Brown Adam, Jellon Grame, Willie's Ladye, Rose the Red and White Lilly, Fause Foodrage, Kempion, Cospatrick, under the title of Gil Brenton; and a parcel of raid ballads of the Border, in the possession of the late excellent and able antiquary, the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, vicar of Epsom in Surrey, which had been originally procured for the history of Cumberland, but were not adopted.

In 1800, the two publications were nearly in an equal state of forwardness; but untowardly circumstances, and various disappointments and discouragements, which are very little interesting to the public, although of great importance to the individual, have palsied the hands of the compiler, and retarded this publication long behind that of his more happily situated fellow-labourer. Yet, it is hoped, that this delay has, upon the whole, been rather advantageous to the merit of the work, as it has enabled the collector gradually to increase and diversify his materials, till his resources are now, he believes, pretty nearly exhausted.

The conduct of Mr Scott, throughout, has been such as that of a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of genius, ought to be; and such as every one who has the happiness of knowing Mr Scott would expect from him. The particular pieces, which I owe to his friendship, will be found acknowledged in their proper places; and for private and personal obligations, with which ballads were no wise concerned, my gratitude is perhaps better felt than publicly expressed.

For the ground-work of this collection, and for the greater and more valuable part of the popular and romantic tales which it contains, the public are indebted to Mrs Brown of Falkland. Besides the large supply of ballads, taken down from her recitation many years ago, by professor Scott of Aberdeen; in 1800, I paid an unexpected visit to Mrs Brown at Dysart, where she then happened to be for her health, and wrote down from her unpremeditated repetition about a dozen pieces more, most of which will be found in this work. Several others, which I had not time to take down, were afterwards transmitted to me by Mrs Brown herself, and by her late highly respectable and worthy husband, the

Rev. Dr Brown. Every person, who peruses the following sheets, will see how much I owe to Mrs Brown, and to her nephew, my much-esteemed friend, professor Scott; and it rests with me to feel, that I owe them much more for the zeal and spirit which they have manifested, than even for the valuable communications which they have made.

As to the *authenticity* of the pieces themselves, they are as authentic as traditionary poetry can be expected to be; and their being more entire than most other such pieces are found to be, may be easily accounted for, from the circumstance that there are very few persons of Mrs Brown's abilities and education, that repeat popular ballads from memory. She learnt most of them before she was twelve years old, from old women and maid-servants; what she once learnt, she never forgot; and such were her curiosity and industry, that she was not contented with merely knowing the story, according to one way of telling, but studied to acquire all the varieties of the same tale which she could meet with. In some instances, these different readings may have insensibly mixed with each other,

and produced, from various disjointed fragments, a whole, such as reciters, whose memories and judgments are less perfect, can seldom produce. But this must be the case in all poetry, which depends for its authenticity upon oral tradition alone.

At Aberbrothick, I had the good fortune to become acquainted with Mrs W. Arrot, to whom I was introduced by my very learned and worthy namesake, the Rev. Dr Jamieson of Edinburgh; and who furnished me with a number of pieces, several of which will be found in this collection; and the others, for which I am indebted to her politeness, have been omitted only, because their publication has been anticipated.

To the original editor of the Reliques of Antient English poetry, I owe the very curious copy of Child Maurice, and the fragment of Robin Hood, and the Old Man. Nothing could be more liberal than the conduct of the present possessor of the folio MS. from which these fragments are extracted; and if this miscellany has been enriched with fewer pieces from that valuable repository than was at first expected, the world have no reason to be sorry for it, as the Rev. Dr Percy of St John's

college, Oxford, the editor of the last edition of the Reliques, is collecting for a fourth volume to that work.

To Dr Robert Anderson of Edinburgh, Dr John Leyden, now in the East Indies, the Rev. Mr Nares of the British Museum, the Rev. Mr Brand, secretary to the society of Antiquaries, Somerset-house, Messrs Nicol, booksellers, Pall-Mall, who have the care of the library of the late duke of Roxburghe, and to all the gentlemen connected with the different libraries in Oxford and Cambridge, which I have visited, I return my most hearty thanks for the civilities which I have received from them during the progress of this work, and for their obliging readiness in forwarding and facilitating my researches after old poetry.

The Rev. William Gray of Lincoln deserves my most particular acknowledgments. Without having ever seen or heard of me, upon my first application to him by letter, and mentioning to him the nature of my undertaking, he immediately entered into my project with all the ardour of an old friend, and all the zeal of a scholar, and an antiquary. Several of my obligations to him will be found ac-

knowledged in their proper places; and from his early attachment to the popular songs of his country, among the *Hows o' Buchan,* and his extensive acquaintance with that kind of lore, this work might have been greatly improved through his means, if circumstances could have admitted of my visiting Lincoln as I intended, and carrying my papers with me.

But the great encourager and promoter of these studies, as of all liberal studies and virtuous pursuits, was the late Rev. Jonathan Boucher, vicar of Epsom. He cannot now receive my thanks; his very numerous and highly respectable acquaintance need not to be told of his learning and his worth; or how much reason I have to regret the loss of such a man, who had been my most constant and zealous friend during a period of nine years; and of his learning, abilities, and literary industry, he has left behind him ample evidence, which may one day be laid before the public, to claim from posterity some share of that tribute to his memory, which all who knew him paid to his merits while he lived.

And now I have particular acknowledgments to

make to only two gentlemen more, sir Frederick Morton, bart. and William Smith, esq. of St Peter's college, Cambridge. For many years, they have never remitted their exertions to befriend me, not only in this undertaking, but in every thing else where my welfare seemed concerned; and had my acknowledgments kept pace with their good offices, I must long since have exhausted all the varieties of expression belonging to gratitude and thankfulness. If their success has not been proportioned to their zeal, perhaps the satisfaction which I have derived, from the continued evidence which my failures have afforded, of the interest which such men took in my affairs, has sometimes been little inferior to what I should have derived from the attainment of the objects I have at different times had in view.

In order that the reader may have a fair criterion by which to judge of the merits of this work, so far as depends upon the editor, it is right that he should know what end was proposed to be attained; what

means there were for the attainment of that end, and how far the compiler deserves praise or blame, for the manner in which he has availed himself of those means.

Many of those, who had gone before in the same walk, had done so much, and so well, that there was little room left for an obscure individual, so disadvantageously situated, to flatter himself that he could excel or even rival them. But many of the best ears of corn are lopt off by the sickle; and where the opulent husbandman has reaped a plentiful harvest, the humble gleaner retires from the field with heart no less grateful and satisfied; and, although his sheaf is but small, it consists of the choicest produce of the field. Such, it was the wish of the present collector to make these his gleanings, and, above all, to keep them free from cockles and tares, and all the spurious imitations of grain with which enemies in the night have sown these uninclosed fields of Parnassus.

The first, and by far the best, publication of this kind, was the *Reliques of Antient English Poetry*, a work in which the splendour of genius, and the delicacy of taste, have diffused such a light over the

dusty, sombre, and uninviting path of the scholar and the antiquary, as has endeared to the most refined readers a kind of study which was before supposed to have no charms, but for nurses and old women. To blame the editor of that excellent work for not doing what he never purposed to do, and what, if he had done it, no one, at that time, would have applauded him for, is equally unjust and ungenerous; and it was to the allurements of that delightful miscellany, and of the charming pages of Mr Warton, to whom he has been equally invidious and ungrateful, that Mr Ritson owed not only his own taste (if *taste* that may be called which *taste* had none,) for antient minstrelsy; but also the public taste, which led people to purchase his compilations and republications from the *Reliques*, and other such popular works. That Mr Ritson was most scrupulously honest, according to the strict letter of the law, I am very ready to grant; but I can see no extraordinary merit in that, any more than in his atrabilious, furious, and obstreperous abhorrence of forgery of every kind. No man will be a thief, who dares neither use the stolen goods himself, nor

hopes to meet with a receiver; and as every production of *his* must inevitably have borne *Mister Ritson, his mark,* upon it, there was no danger of Mr Ritson being guilty of forgery.

Of Mr Pinkerton and his ballads, I shall say nothing. It is mortifying in the extreme to the admirers of genius and learning, to find them in such bad company, as the genius and learning of Mr Pinkerton always appear in, both in public and private.

The Edinburgh collection of ballads and songs has considerable merit; but the editor has withheld both his name and his authorities; and pieces of every description, antient and modern, traditionary, and original, are all given promiscuously, and without any attempt at distinction. The same may be said of Evan's collection in four volumes; and of the collection published in 1723, in three volumes.

Now, as the editor was altogether unacquainted with Mr Scott's intended publication, it appeared to him, that the nature of traditional poetry might be still further illustrated, and that considerable materials for that purpose were still to be found.

In prosecuting his undertaking, he has always kept this object in view. He has almost always given entire, and in the exact state in which it came into his hands, the text of some one copy, the authenticity of which he can vouch for; where interpolations are introduced, they have always been marked; and he has studiously avoided every kind of imposition.

In collecting from MSS. and scarce editions, he has employed his best industry, and the utmost extent of his slender means; and he has never trusted that to another, which he had it in his power to do for himself.

For the *original pieces* which have been inserted in this collection, he has no apology to offer, as to their general character and merit; but although time and circumstances have not admitted of his correcting and polishing them to his own standard of propriety, the prematureness of their publication is not owing to vanity, but to the absolute necessity he is under of publishing them in their present state, or relinquishing the design for ever. In choosing and rejecting, he has exercised his judgement, such as it is, upon his own productions, in

the same manner as he has done upon every thing else which he has admitted into this work; and had he not supposed that they might properly enough hold a place in such a compilation as this, he would never have attempted to introduce them to the notice of the world. At the same time, he can form so just an estimate of their merits, that he should never have thought of publishing them *by themselves;* and one great reason for inserting them here is to shew, that, although but an indifferent poet, he has a sufficient knowledge of his subject to be duly qualified to be an *Editor of Old Ballads.* This credit, at least, he hopes his ballads and songs will procure him; and he is the more anxious to obtain it, because he has been prevented, by unforeseen circumstances, from preparing them for the press, and furnishing them with a preface, dissertations, notes, and a glossary, such as he had at first intended.

Being obliged to go, at a few weeks warning, to a distant part of the world, and to seek, on the shores of the frozen Baltic, for (what his own country seems to deny him) the means of employing his talents and industry in some such manner as

may enable him to preserve (for a time at least) his respectability, and a partial independence in the world; the following sheets have been prepared for the press, amidst all the anxiety and bustle of getting ready and packing up for a voyage. At the moment when he writes this, every thing but these papers is sent on board, and he has not leisure even to read over what he has written. To the humane and benevolent reader, no farther apology needs be offered for the unfinished and undigested state in which they may be found. Not to have published them at all, would have been, not only to throw away all the labour and expence which they have cost the compiler, but also to disappoint the expectations of many persons of the greatest respectability, who have assisted him in his undertaking; and if the publication had been deferred, the opportunity would have been lost for ever. The voice of the Scotish Muse will never be heard on the banks of the Dwina; and should the editor return again to his country, dejected, unpatronised, and unprovided for—

"In faith, sma' heart he'll hae to sing."

LONDON, *August* 9, 1805.

SONGS

AND

BALLADS,

TRAGIC, HUMORQUS,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS.

PART FIRST.

Tragic.

CHILDE MAURICE.

It having been one of the chief purposes of the compiler, in making the following collection, to throw as much light as possible upon the state of traditionary Ballad Poetry in this country, both in former times and at present; he has thought it advisable to admit into his miscellany several pieces that have little to recommend them, any farther than as, by contributing towards the illustration of this subject, they may be objects of interest to the curious antiquary, and the philosophical inquirer into the history of men and manners. With this class of ballads the following imperfect legend may be ranked. For, although this seemingly true and domestic story, even in the mutilated state in which it now appears, and divested as it is

of all poetical and rhetorical embellishment, could hardly fail, from its affecting incidents and situations, to fix the attention, and interest the heart; yet, as it has now been many years before the public, with every advantage which it could derive from the best exertions of genius and taste, it has no longer the charm of novelty to recommend it.

Before it was first printed in Scotland, very considerable liberties were taken with the text, as must be evident to every person of taste and judgment, who is conversant in these matters, and has attended to the real state of traditionary poetry, as it is still preserved in that country. There is the most striking inequality, in style and manner, between the interpolated stanzas and those that are genuine; and the structure of the language, the sentiments, and the orthography, which have been assumed, are continually at variance with each other, as well as with propriety and truth.

Induced by these considerations, I intended here to have given as much of the already-published ballad as I had good grounds for believing to be genuine; or, to speak more correctly, as much of it as had not been composed for the *nonce* by the Scotish editors; for, as to the *genuineness* of any traditionary poetry whatsoever, I hold it extremely difficult to be ascertained:

Ἴσμεν γὰρ οὐδὲν τρανὲς, ἀλλ' ἀλώμεθα.
Κἀγὼ θελοντὶς τῳδ' ὑπεξύγην πόνῳ.—*Sophoc. Aj.* l. 23.

This design, however, I was led to give up, for reasons which shall be assigned in the annotations annexed to this piece.

But the anonymous editors of the ballad of "Gil Morris" are not the only persons who have studied to adorn and improve this interesting story. In "Owen of Carron," it has received from the chaste, elegant, and pathetic, but diffuse, pen of Langhorne, every embellishment which that species of composition seems to admit of. Home has made it the ground-work of the tragedy of "Douglas," one of the most pleasingly-interesting dramatic poems, which modern times have produced; and it has moreover been made the subject of a dramatic entertainment, with songs, by Mr Rannie of Aberdeen, who is well known in the musical world as the author of several very elegant and popular lyrical compositions.

For the mere reader of taste, who has perused the more refined productions of these authors, the following rude strains are not intended. After admiring the highly polished effusions of a Home and a Langhorne, such a reader,

"Deeming his prattle to be tedious,"

will naturally turn with fastidious contempt from the uncouth rhapsody of an illiterate minstrel; and feel but little respect for the still more uncouth rhapsodies of old nurses and grandmothers, who, in the garrulity of age,

repeat, from imperfect recollection, what they imperfectly learned when children.

Yet, defective as the following copy is, it deserves, on various accounts, to be preserved. The lovers of ballad lore are indebted, for its present appearance, to the liberality and politeness of the learned and elegant (original) editor of the " Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." It is a transcript, taken with the most minute and scrupulous exactness, from the folio MS. still in his possession, which is so often referred to in the Reliques; and is the same that is mentioned in Ed. 4. vol. iii. p. 90. of that work.

As this

> —— sgeula nam blianai a threig
> Air bharraibh an sgeithe dorcha †,

has come down to our times, preserved by tradition alone; and as poetry so transmitted, from one ignorant reciter to another, naturally changes its dress almost as often as the snake changes her skin, with this disadvantage, that the colours of its new attire are seldom so brilliant or so regular as those of the old; it therefore becomes an object neither incurious nor uninteresting, to discover in what garb it appeared some two hundred years ago. And as the highly and justly esteemed writer, by whose kind

† "Tale of the years that have passed away on the points of their dusky wings."—See Dr Smith's *Sean Dana*, 12mo. p. 244.

condescension I have been enabled to furnish my readers with an opportunity of making such an investigation, has met with much illiberal and ungentleman-like abuse, for not having given all the treasures of his MS. collection to the world in a state in which I doubt much whether the world would, fifty years ago, have received or read them; I am happy in having it in my power to lay before my readers one of the most popular and most noticed of our ballads, in the exact state in which it is found in that very curious and valuable repository.

CHILDE MAURICE.

CHILDE MAURICE hunted ithe silven wood*
he hunted it round about
& noebody y^t^ he found theren
nor noebody without

and tooke his silver combe in his hand
to kembe his yellow lockes

he sayes come hither thou litle footpage
y^t^ runneth lowly by my knee
ffor thou shalt goe to John Steward's wiffe
& pray her speake w^th^ mee

* *Silven.* sic in MS.

& as it ffalls out out many times
as knotts been knitt on a kell
or merchant men gone to leeve London
either to buy ware or sell

and grete thou doe y^{t} ladye well
ever soe well ffroe mee

and as it ffalls out many times
as any harte can thinke
as schoole masters are in any schoole house
writting with pen and inke

ffor if I might as well as shee may
this night I wold wth her speake

& heere I send a mantle of greene
as greene as any grasse
and bid her come to the silver wood *
to hunt wth Child Maurice

* *Silver wood.* Sic in MS. The same appellation is found in other popular ballads in Scotland.

& there I send her a ring of gold
a ring of precyous stone
and bid her come to the silver wood
let for no kind of man

one while this litle boy he yode
another while he ran
until he came to John Stewards hall
I wis he never blan

and of nurture the child had good
he ran up hall & bower ffree
and when he came to this lady ffaire
sayes God you save and see

I am come ffrom Childe Maurice
a message unto thee
& Childe Maurice he greetes you well
& ever soe well ffrom me

and as it ffalls out oftentimes
as knotts been knitt on a kell
or merchant men gone to leeve London
either to buy or sell

& as oftentimes he greetes you well
as any hart can thinke
or schoolemaster in any schoole
wryting wth pen and inke

& heere he sends a mantle of greene,
as greene as any grasse
& he bidds you come to the silver wood
to hunt wth child Maurice

& heere he sends you a ring of gold
a ring of precyous stone
he prayes you to come to the silver wood
let for no kind of man

now peace now peace thou litle fotpage
ffor Christe's sake I pray thee
ffor if my Lo heare one of those words
thou must be hanged hye

John Steward stood under the Castle wall
& he wrote the words every one

& he called unto his horssekeeper
make ready you my steede
and soe he did to his Chamberlaine
make readye then my weed

& he cast a lease upon his backe
& he rode to the silver wood
& there he sought all about
about the silver wood

& there he found him Childe Maurice
sitting upon a blocke
wth a silver combe in his hand
kembing his yellow locke

he sayes how now how now Childe Maurice
alacke how may this bee
but then stood by him Childe Maurice
& sayd these words trulye

I do not know your ladye he said
if that I doe her see
ffor thou hast sent her love tokens
more now then 2 or 3

for thou hast sent her a mantle of greene
as greene as any grasse
& bade her come to the silver wood
to hunt wth Childe Maurice

and by my faith now Childe Maurice
the tane of us shall dye
now by my troth sayd Childe Maurice
& that shall not be I

but he pulled out a bright browne sword
& dryed it on the grasse *
& soe fast he smote at John Steward
I wis he never rest

---

* This singular and unaccountable act of cool revengeful malignity occurs in almost every one of our tragic ballads. This I know not well how to account for, as it seems far from natural, that a jealous rival, or injured husband, should, in the very heat and fury of passion, and when on the very point of committing an act of the most intemperate violence, deliberately draw out his sword, and fall a whetting it, as Shylock, in the play, does his knife. Yet we have very old minstrel authority for the legitimacy of this curious prelude to deeds of death, in the tactics of the *Preux Chevaliers*:

> "Horn gan his swerd gripe,
> Ant *on his arm hit wype,*
> The Sarazyn he hit so,
> That is hed fel to ys to."
>
> RITSON'S *Met. Rom.* vol. ii. p. 116.

then hee pulled forth his bright browne sword
& dryed itt on his sleeve
& the ffirst good stroke John Steward stroke
Child Maurice head he did cleeve

& he pricked it on his sword's poynt
went singing there beside
and he rode till he came to the ladye ffaire
whereas his ladye lyed

and sayes dost thou know Child Maurice head
iff that thou dost it see
and llap it soft, and kisse itt offt
ffor thou lovedst him better than mee

but when shee looked on Child Maurice head
shee never spake words but three
I never beare noe child but one
and you have slain him trulye

sayes wicked be my merry men all†
I gave meate drinke and clothe

† Woe worth you, woe worth my merry men all,
You were nere borne for my good:
Why did you not offer to stay my hand,
When you see me wax so wood?

but cold they not have holden me
when I was in all that wrath

ffor I have slaine one of the courteousest knights
that ever bestrode a steede
soe have I done one of the fairest ladyes
that ever ware woman's weede

"For I have slaine the bravest sir knight,
That ever rode on steed,
So have I done the fairest lady,
That ever did woman's deed."

Ballad of Little Musgrave and Lord Bernard, from Wit Restored, London, 1658, p. 179.

The same kind of remonstrance, with those about him, occurs in Lee's tragedy of "Alexander the Great," after the murder of Clitus.

NOTES

ON

CHILDE MAURICE.

The reader will have seen, that, in the foregoing fragment, although the outline of the picture is preserved, the colouring is so much debased, as to be altogether unworthy of the subject. It has evidently been taken down, and that not very correctly, from the recitation of some ignorant person, who had either learned it very imperfectly, or had afterwards forgot it; for professional reciters generally endeavoured to make out the text to the best of their ability, in such a manner as to preserve the integrity of the fable, however bald and destitute the language may have been rendered through their ignorance, dullness, or forgetfulness. This opinion the present editor has been led to entertain, from the experience he has had in collecting and collating different copies of the same ballads, found in different parts of Scotland, at a considerable distance from each other. These, though the same in their elements, he has frequently found so different in their superstructure, that no two copies had a whole stanza in common; sometimes not a single verse; the fable, in this, resembling a stream, that flows uniformly clear, pure and salutary over its native bed, but afterwards branches off into several ramifications, each of which

contains a part of the original body of water, but assumes new and different qualities and characteristics, from the nature of the soil through which it passes.

The ballad of "Childe Maurice" has all the appearance of being a true narrative of some incident that had really taken place. Nor is it any objection to this supposition, that in different copies the names of the persons differ. I have often, in the course of collecting for this work, had occasion to observe, that, as proper names are much more difficult to be remembered than the language of sentiment and passion, which is necessarily connected with the general conduct of the piece, and more particularly in cases where the tales are of foreign extraction, the *outlandish* names are generally so altered and disfigured as not to be recognisable; or such others are substituted in their room by the reciters, as are most familiar, or most distinguished in their own immediate neighbourhood. Thus, in the Scotish fragment of "The Jew's Daughter," in the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," *Merry Lincolne* is changed into *Merry-land-toune;* in the same work, the celebrated Cambrian bard, *Glaskirion*, or *Kirion the Sallow*, becomes *Glasgerion;* and in the ballad on the same subject, in this collection, he assumes the Scotish appellation of *Glenkindy*. In the romance of "The Laidly Worm of Spindlestand Heugh," *Child Owen*, or *Ewen*, is converted into *Childy Wind;* and in the beautiful ballad of "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie," which I wrote down from the recitation of a lady in Angus-shire, who had learned it, when a child, from an old woman, the hero of the piece is made *the heir of Duplin town*.

I believe there is still preserved in Scotland a ballad on the story of "Gil Morris," or "Childe Maurice," which differs considerably from any copy heretofore published. I have used my utmost endeavours to recover it, but hitherto without success. I have met with several persons who remembered having heard it; but none that could repeat more than the three following stanzas, which are said to be the beginning and end of the piece.

" Gil Morris sat in silver wood,
He whistled and he sang;
' Whare sall I get a bonny boy
My errand for to gang?'

" He's ca'd his foster-brither Willie:
' Come, win ye hose and shoon,
And gae unto lord Barnard's ha',
And bid his lady come.'

* * * *

" And she has ta'en the bloody head,
And cast it i' the brim;
Syne gathered up her robes o' green,
And fast she followed him."

By the concluding stanza, it would seem as if this had been the ballad from which the author of the tragedy of " Douglas" has taken the plot of his drama, as the catastrophe is the same. In the first copies, moreover, of that poem, the names of Gil Morris and lord Barnard were preserved, though they afterwards gave place to the more popular ones of Douglas and lord Randolph. These considerations, when I was last in Edinburgh, made me feel a strong desire to see the venerable author of the tragedy of " Douglas," and to endeavour to obtain from him some information, which might lead to the discovery of a really and purely traditionary ballad of " Gil Morris." But I was sorry to learn, that neither Mr Home's health nor spirits were such as to justify my troubling him with any application upon a subject of that kind.

Disappointed, however, as I was, of being able to give a copy of the ballad which could be depended upon, I once intended, relying solely upon my own memory and judgment, to insert in this collection all the already-published stanzas which I considered as purely traditional. But no editor has a right to expect to be indulged in so arbitrary an extension of his privileges. Yet, as I have had some experience, having been attentive to

all the proceedings in most of the trials at the bar of ballad criticism, I may venture to hazard an opinion, that the genuine text ends with stanza xxxix of the Scotish edition:

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
An ill death may ye die!
Gin I had ken'd he was your son,
He had ne'er been slain by me."

The sixteen additional verses inserted in the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," and pointed out in the introduction to the piece, beginning,

"His hair was like the threads of gold,
Drawn frae Minerva's loome," &c.

are in quite a different style of composition, and evidently nowise a-kin to the rest of the piece. They even seem to be out of their place. But, although the ideas have nothing new in them, as the picture which they exhibit is certainly eminently rich and beautiful, it was not on account of any supposed demerit attached to them, but because the verses were too fine and finished, that I presumed, instead of them, after st. xxvii. of the Scotish edition, ending,

"And there he first spyed Gil Morris
Kaming his yellow hair;"

to substitute,

"In simmer green the boy was clad,
As hunters wont to gang;
And, like the mavis on the bush,
He whistled and he sang.

"His reed was like the cherry red,
His een were blythe and blue;
And bonny glist the gouden locks
That curled o'er his brow.

"Nae wonder, nae wonder," &c.

After st. xxxiii. ending,

"And there she saw Child Maurice heid
Cum trailing to the toun,"

it was also thought that some such verses as the following might have been inserted:

"Come down, come down, my dame sae chaste,
And tak' this dear propine,
The true-love wad your lemman gay
Has sent to mees your pine.

"He's sent to you what ye lo'ed maist,
A flaught o' his yellow hair;
And he has sent his lips sae sweet,
A lover's kiss to bear."

But neither these interpolations, nor indeed any of the others, are at all necessary, as the narrative is complete, and the integrity of the text better preserved without them.

Beside the above scraps which have been connected with this ballad, the following concluding stanzas, evidently composed by some very unskilful hand, posterior to the appearance of the tragedy of "Douglas," have been transmitted from Edinburgh by the able and elegant editor of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" his many obligations to whom, the present writer will often have occasion to acknowledge in the course of this work. They had been handed about in that part of the country, and found their way into Mr Herd's MS. collection, from whence they were extracted by Mr Scott. As the verses are in themselves very poor, they are given here merely to shew what dispositions my good countrymen, who can forge with address, and who cannot, have manifested respecting this ballad.

She heard him speak, but fell despair
  Sat rooted in her heart;
She heard him, and she heard nae mair,
  Though sair she rued the smart.

Fast to the steep hich craig she ran,
  That's o'er the water hung;
"I come, I come, dear Gil Morris!"
  And down herself she flung.

Syne word came to lord Barnard's ha';
  "Fye, fye! gar rin wi' speed;
My lady o'er the craig did fa';
  I fear ere this she's dead.

"'Twas me, 'twas me that killed the dame;
  'Twas me Gil Morris slew:
O how I've blasted a' my fame,
  And a' my honour true!

"But soon, soon will I make amends:
  My horse gar saddle swift;
Farewell, farewell, my merry men!"
  And aff he flew like drift.

He came where Scotland's valiant sons
  Their fierce invaders fought;
Among the thickest fight he runs,
  And meets the death he sought.

SWEET WILLIE, AND FAIR ANNIE.

THREE ballads, all of them of considerable merit, on the same subject as the following, are to be found in vol. iii. of the "Reliques of Antient English Poetry," under the titles of Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor, Fair Margaret and Sweet William, and Lord Thomas and Fair Annet; the latter of which is in that work given with some corrections "from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland," and supposed to be composed, not without improvements, out of the two former antient English ones.

At this distance of time, it would be in vain to attempt to ascertain which was the original, and which the imitation; and, I think it extremely probable, that, in their origin, they were perfectly independent of each other, and both derived from some one of those fableaux, romances, or tales, which, about four or five hundred years ago, were

so familiarly known, in various forms, over a great part of Europe, that it would even then have been difficult to say to what country, or language, they owed their birth.

The text of Lord Thomas and Fair Annet seems to have been adjusted, previous to its leaving Scotland, by some one who was more of a scholar than the reciters of ballads generally are; and, in attempting to give it an antique cast, it has been deprived of somewhat of that easy facility which is the distinguished characteristic of the traditionary ballad narrative. With the text of the following ditty, no such experiment has been made. It is here given pure and entire, as it was taken down by the editor, from the recitation of a lady in Aberbrothick, (Mrs W. Arrot,) to whose politeness and friendship this collection is under considerable obligations. She had no previous intimation of the compiler's visit, or of his undertaking; and the few hours he spent at her friendly fire-side were very busily employed in writing. As she had, when a child, learnt the ballad from an elderly maid-servant, and probably had not repeated it for a dozen years before I had the good fortune to be introduced to her; it may be depended upon, that every line was recited to me as nearly as possible in the exact form in which she learnt it.

Although the story is already well known to most readers of compositions of this kind, there are in the narrative of the following simple and affecting tale, so many beauties, and so exquisite in their kind, that I make no apology for nserting it in this collection.

SWEET WILLIE AND FAIR ANNIE.

Sweet Willie and fair Annie
Sat a' day on a hill;
And though they had sitten seven year,
They ne'er wad had their fill.

Sweet Willie said a word in haste,
And Annie took it ill:
"I winna wed a tocherless maid,
Against my parent's will."

"Ye're come o' the rich, Willie,
And I'm come o' the poor;
I'm o'er laigh to be your bride,
And I winna be your whore."

O Annie she's gane till her bower,
And Willie down the den;
And he's come till his mither's bower,
By the lei-light o' the moon.

"O sleep ye, wake ye, mither?" he says,
"Or are ye the bower within?"
"I sleep richt aft, I wake richt aft†;
What want ye wi' me, son?

"Whare hae ye been a' night, Willie;
O wow! ye've tarried lang!"
"I have been courtin' fair Annie,
And she is frae me gane.

"There is twa maidens in a bower,
Which o' them sall I bring hame?
The nut-brown maid has sheep and cows,
And fair Annie has nane."

† That is, my slumbers are short, broken, and interrupted; a characteristic of age:—

Μάλα το γῆρας τὐμὸν ἄϋπνον,
Καὶ ἐπ' ὀφθαλμοῖς ὀξὺ πάρεστιν.

Eurip. Iph. in Aul. l. 4.

"It's an ye wed the nut-brown maid,
I'll heap gold wi' my hand;
But an ye wed her, fair Annie,
I'll straik it wi' a wand.

"The nut-brown maid has sheep and cows,
And fair Annie has nane;
And Willie, for my benison,
The nut-brown maid bring hame."

"O I sall wed the nut-brown maid,
And I sall bring her hame;
But peace nor rest between us twa,
Till death sinder's again.

"But, alas, alas!" says sweet Willie,
"O fair is Annie's face!"
"But what's the matter, my son Willie,
She has nae ither grace."

"Alas, alas!" says sweet Willie;
"But white is Annie's hand!"
"But what's the matter, my son Willie,
She hasna a fur o' land."

" Sheep will die in cots, mither,
And owsen die in byre;
And what's this warld's wealth to me,
An I get na my heart's desire?

" Whare will I get a bonny boy,
That wad fain win hose and shoon,
That will rin to fair Annie's bower,
Wi' the lei light o' the moon?

" Ye'll tell her to come to Willie's weddin',
The morn at twal at noon;
Ye'll tell her to come to Willie's weddin',
The heir o' Duplin town †.

" She manna put on the black, the black,
Nor yet the dowie brown;
But the scarlet sae red, and the kerches sae white,
And her bonny locks hangin' down."

† *Duplin town.* Duplin is the seat of the earl of Kinnoul, from which he derives his title of viscount. It is in the neighbourhood of Perth. This copy of the ballad was taken from the current traditionary manner of reciting it in that part of the country; and it is observable, that ballads are very frequently adapted to the meridian of the place where they are ound; so that the same parts and characters are given to persons of different names and ranks in life in different parts of the country.

"O whare got ye that water, Annie,
That washes you sae white?"
"I got it in my mither's wambe,
Whare ye'll ne'er get the like.

"For ye've been wash'd in Dunny's well,
And dried on Dunny's dyke;
And a' the water in the sea
Will never wash ye white."

Willie's ta'en a rose out o' his hat,
Laid it in Annie's lap;
"The bonniest to the bonniest fa's,
Hae, wear it for my sake."

"Tak up and wear your rose, Willie,
As lang as it will last;
For, like your love, its sweetness a'
Will soon be gane and past.

"Wear ye the rose o' love, Willie,
And I the thorn o' care;
For the woman sall never bear a son,
That will mak my heart sae sair."

Whan night was come, and day was gane,
  And a' man boun to bed,
Sweet Willie and the nut-brown bride
  In their chamber were laid.

They werena weel lyen down,
  And scarcely fa'n asleep,
Whan up and stands she, fair Annie,
  Just up at Willie's feet.

" Weel brook ye o' your brown brown bride,
  Between ye and the wa';
And sae will I o' my winding sheet,
  That suits me best ava.

" Weel brook ye o' your brown brown bride,
  Between ye and the stock;
And sae will I o' my black black kist,
  That has neither key nor lock.

" Weel brook ye o' your brown brown bride,
  And o' your bridal bed;
And sae will I o' the cald cald mools,
  That soon will hap my head."

Sad Willie raise, put on his claise,
Drew till him his hose and shoon,
And he is on to Annie's bower,
By the lei light o' the moon.

The firsten bower that he came till,
There was right dowie wark;
Her mither and her three sisters
Were makin' to Annie a sark.

The nexten bower that he came till,
There was right dowie cheir;
Her father and her seven brethren
Were makin' to Annie a bier.

The lasten bower, that he came till,
O, heavy was his care!
The waxen lights were burning bright,
And fair Annie streekit there.

He's lifted up the coverlet,
Where she, fair Annie, lay;
" Sweet was her smile, but wan her cheek;
Oh, wan, and cald as clay!"

Pale Willie grew; wae was his heart,
And sair he sigh'd wi' teen:
"Oh, Annie! had I kent thy worth,
Ere it o'er late had been!

"It's I will kiss your bonny cheek,
And I will kiss your chin;
And I will kiss your clay-cald lip;
But I'll never kiss woman again.

"And that I was in love out-done,
Sall ne'er be said o' me;
For, as ye've died for me, Annie,
Sae will I do for thee.

"The day ye deal at Annie's burial
The bread but and the wine;
Before the morn at twall o'clock,
They'll deal the same at mine."

The tane was buried in Mary's kirk,
The tither in Mary's quire;
And out o' the tane there grew a birk,
And out o' the tither a brier.

And ay they grew, and ay they drew,
  Untill they twa did meet;
And every ane that past them by,
  Said, " Thae's been lovers sweet!"

NOTES

ON

SWEET WILLIE AND FAIR ANNIE.

As the lady, to whom I am indebted for the foregoing ballad, was unexpectedly called upon, and had no time for recollection, nor made any attempt to supply by ingenuity the deficiencies of memory; there were several lines which she could not at the moment repeat, and whose places I have taken the liberty of supplying, as follows:

Line 3d of stanza 29, is an interpolation. Instead of stanzas 30 and 31, Mrs Arrot recited:

"Tak up and wear your rose, Willie,
And wear't wi' mickle care;
For the woman sall never bear a son,
That will make my heart sae sair."

The whole of stanza 36—the second and third lines of stanza 40—stanza 41, except the first line—and the whole of stanza 42 and 44, were supplied by the editor. In every other instance, the purity and integrity of the text has been most scrupulously preserved.

FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN.

THIS beautiful piece was adopted into this collection, and "Fair Annie's Complaint" written to accompany it, long before the editor knew any thing of Mr Scott's intended publication. It is here given *verbatim* from the large MS. collection (see Preface), transmitted from Aberdeen, by my zealous and industrious friend, Professor Robert Scott of that university. I have every reason to believe, that no liberty whatever has been taken with the text, which is certainly more uniform than any copy heretofore published. It was first written down many years ago, with no view towards being committed to the press; and is now given from the copy then taken, with the addition only of stanzas 22. and 23. which the editor has inserted from memory.

FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN.

"O WHA will shoe my fair foot,
And wha will glove my han'?
And wha will lace my middle gimp
Wi' a new-made London ban'?

"Or wha will kemb my yellow hair
Wi' a new-made silver kemb?
Or wha'll be father to my young bairn,
Till love Gregor come hame?"

"Your father'll shoe your fair foot,
Your mother glove your han';
Your sister lace your middle jimp
Wi' a new-made London ban';

" Your brethren will kemb your yellow hair
Wi' a new-made silver kemb;
And the King o' Heaven will father your bairn,
Till love Gregor come hame."

" O gin I had a bonny ship,
And men to sail wi' me,
It's I wad gang to my true love,
Sin he winna come to me!"

Her father's gien her a bonny ship,
And sent her to the stran';
She's taen her young son in her arms,
And turn'd her back to the lan'.

She hadna been o' the sea sailin'
About a month or more,
Till landed has she her bonny ship
Near her true-love's door.

The nicht was dark, and the wind blew cald,
And her love was fast asleep,
And the bairn that was in her twa arms
Fu' sair began to greet.

Lang stood she at her true love's door,
And lang tirl'd at the pin;
At length up gat his fause mother,
Says, "Wha's that wad be in?"

"O, it is Annie of Lochroyan,
Your love, come o'er the sea,
But and your young son in her arms;
So open the door to me."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
You're nae come here for gude;
You're but a witch, or a vile warlock,
Or mermaid o' the flude."

"I'm nae a witch or vile warlock,
Or mermaiden," said she;—
"I'm but your Annie of Lochroyan;—
O open the door to me!"

"O gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,
As I trust not ye be,
What taiken can ye gie that e'er
I kept your companie?"

" O dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,
" Whan we sat at the wine,
How we changed the napkins frae our necks,
It's nae sae lang sinsyne?

" And yours was gude, and gude enough;
But nae sae gude as mine;
For yours was o' the cambrick clear,
But mine o' the silk sae fine.

" And dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,
" As we twa sat at dine,
How we chang'd the rings frae our fingers,
And I can shew thee thine:

" And yours was gude, and gude enough,
Yet nae sae gude as mine;
For yours was o' the gude red gold,
But mine o' the diamonds fine.

" Sae open the door, now, love Gregor,
And open it wi' speed;
Or your young son, that is in my arms,
For cald will soon be dead."

" Awa, awa, ye ill woman;
Gae frae my door for shame,
For I hae gotten anither fair love,
Sae ye may hie you hame."

" O hae ye gotten anither fair love,
For a' the oaths ye sware?
Then fare ye weel, now, fause Gregor;
For me ye's never see mair!"

O, hooly hooly gaed she back,
As the day began to peep;
She set her foot on good ship board,
And sair sair did she weep.

" Tak down, tak down the mast o' goud;
Set up the mast o' tree;
Ill sets it a forsaken lady
To sail sae gallantlie.

" Tak down, tak down the sails o' silk;
Set up the sails o' skin;
Ill sets the outside to be gay,
Whan there's sic grief within!"

Love Gregor started frae his sleep,
And to his mother did say,
" I dreamt a dream this night, mither,
That maks my heart richt wae;

" I dreamt that Annie of Lochroyan,
The flower o' a' her kin,
Was standin' mournin' at my door,
But nane wad lat her in."

" O there was a woman stood at the door,
Wi' a bairn intill her arms;
But I wadna let her within the bower,
For fear she had done you harm."

O quickly, quickly raise he up,
And fast ran to the strand;
And there he saw her, fair Annie,
Was sailing frae the land.

And " heigh, Annie," and " how, Annie!
O, Annie, winna ye bide?"
But ay the louder that he cried " Annie,"
The higher rair'd the tide.

And "heigh, Annie!" and "how, Annie!
O, Annie, speak to me!"
But ay the louder that he cried "Annie,"
The louder rair'd the sea.

The wind grew loud, and the sea grew rough,
And the ship was rent in twain;
And soon he saw her, fair Annie,
Come floating o'er the main.

He saw his young son in her arms,
Baith toss'd aboon the tide;
He wrang his hands, and fast he ran,
And plunged in the sea sae wide.

He catch'd her by the yellow hair,
And drew her to the strand;
But cald and stiff was every limb,
Before he reach'd the land.

O first he kist her cherry cheek,
And syne he kist her chin,
And sair he kist her ruby lips;
But there was nae breath within.

O he has mourn'd o'er fair Annie,
Till the sun was ganging down;
Syne wi' a sich his heart it brast,
And his saul to heaven has flown.

*** The editor has frequently, when a boy, heard the foregoing ballad chaunted in Moray-shire; but no mention was ever made of enchantment, or "fairy charms." Indeed the three stanzas on that subject, beginning, "And when she saw the stately tower," &c. in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii. p. 53. are in a style of composition very peculiar, and different from the rest of the piece, and strongly remind us of the interpolations in the ballad of "Gil Morris." This is by no means intended to throw any reflection on Mr Scott, in whose fidelity as an editor I have the greatest confidence; and I have not the least doubt but he gave his pieces to the world in the exact state in which they came into his hands.

FAIR ANNIE's COMPLAINT.

It may be deemed presumption in the editor, after the publication of Burns's beautiful song on this subject, to offer the following attempt to the public. But beautiful and poetical as the elegy of Burns certainly is, it was imagined that something might still be produced, which, although of less intrinsic merit, might, without being contemptible as a composition, be more in unison with the general simplicity of the ancient ballad. Add to this, that Burns seems to have been guilty of an oversight in giving his characters the names of *Annie of Irwin-side* and *Lord Gregory*, instead of *Annie of Lochroyan* and her *love Gregor*.

The song of Dr Wolcott is a puerile and very mean production; and the approbation with which it has been honoured by Burns, should be put to the account of his politeness and general admiration of the doctor's talents, rather than of his good taste and judgment.

FAIR ANNIE's COMPLAINT.

O OPEN the door, my love Gregor;
O open the door to me,
Dark, wild, and bitter is the night,
And rough has been the sea.

And I'm your Annie of Lochroyan,
Turn'd out frae house and hald,
Wi' our sweet babie in my arms,
That dies for weet and cald.

Sae open the door, my love Gregor;
O open and let me in;
For the sea-surf freezes on my hair,
The cald sleet on my chin.

And cald, my love, is now that lip,
  Whase smile ye aft hae blest;
And cald the bosome that your cheek
  Has aft sae fondly prest.

And cald cald soon will be that heart,
  That ay was warm to thee;
Nor ever mair your babie's smile
  Delight his father's e'e.

Then open the door, my love Gregor;
  For, an we twa should tine,
Ye never mair frae womankind
  Can hope sic love as mine.

THE TWA SISTERS.

Of this piece, the whole text is given *verbatim*, as it was taken from the recitation of the lady in Fifeshire, to whom this publication, as well as Mr Scott's, is so much indebted. Another copy was transmitted to the editor, by Mrs Arrott of Aberbrothick; but as it furnished no readings by which the text could have been materially improved, it has not been used. In both these, the burden was the same as is specified by Mr Scott, ("Border Minstrelsy," vol. ii. p. 144.) which seems to have belonged to some other ditty; and indeed it is sung with several different burdens.

From the parody, inserted among the humorous ballads in this collection, it appears, that this romantic tale was popular in England before the year 1656. Mr Pinkerton published, among his tragic ballads, a piece on the same subject, into which he has introduced a few mutilated scraps of the original, declaring, that he could not tell

which lines were genuine, and which were not. The following copy, in the exact state in which it now appears, was shewn by the editor to Mr Scott, some years before the publication of the Minstrelsy, and before he had any thoughts of adopting it.

The interpolations are, stanzas 19. 20. 27. 28. 29. 31. 35. &c. to the end, which were all introduced where they were supposed to be either necessary or proper, without interfering at all with the integrity of the text, which is given, for the scrupulous antiquary, exactly as I found it. These stanzas are included within brackets.

THE TWA SISTERS.

THERE was twa sisters liv'd in a bower,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie* !)
There came a knight to be their wooer,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie !)
But he loved the youngest aboon a' thing,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

* It may be necessary *euphoniæ gratia* to caution the English reader, that the burden is pronounced Binnōrie, and not Binnôrie, as it is accented in a beautiful little modern ballad bearing that name, which appeared in the Morning Chronicle some time ago.

He courted the eldest wi' broach and knife,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
But he loved the youngest as his life,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexed sair,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And sair envied her sister fair,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Intill her bower she coudna rest,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Wi' grief and spite she maistly brast,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Upon a morning fair and clear,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
She cried upon her sister dear,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, come to yon sea strand,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And see our father's ships come to land,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie."

She's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And led her down to yon sea strand,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The youngest stood upon a stane,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
The eldest came and threw her in,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

She took her by the middle sma',
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And dashed her bonny back to the jaw,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, tak my hand,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And I'se mak ye heir to a' my land,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, tak my middle,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And ye's get my goud and my gouden girdle,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

" O sister, sister, save my life,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And I swear I'se never be nae man's wife,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie."

" Foul fa' the hand that I should tak,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
It twin'd me o' my wardles mak,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

" Your cherry cheeks and yellow hair
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Gars me gang maiden for evermair,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Till she came to the mouth o' yon mill-dam
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

O out it came the miller's son,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And saw the fair maid soummin in,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

" O father, father, draw your dam,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
There's either a mermaid or a swan,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie."

[The miller quickly drew the dam,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And there he found a drown'd woman,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.]

[" Sair will they be, whae'er they be,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Their hearts that live to weep for thee,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.]

" And sair and lang mat their teen last,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
That wrought thee sic a dowie cast,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie!"

You coudna see her yellow hair
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
For goud and pearl that was sae rare,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

You coudna see her middle sma
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
For gouden girdle that was sae braw,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

You coudna see her fingers white
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
For gouden rings that were sae gryte,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And by there came a harper fine,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
That harped to the king at dine,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie!

Whan he did look that lady upon,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

[" O wha sall tell to thy father dear
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
The sad and waefu' sicht is here,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.]

[" And wha in thy mither's bower sall tell
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
The weird her dearest bairn befell
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.]

[" And wha to thy luckless love sall speak,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
The tidings will do his heart to break,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie."]

He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And wi' them strung his harp sae fair,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

[And the harp untouch'd to the windis rang,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And heavy and dulefu' was the sang,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.]

The first tune it did play and sing,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Was, " Fareweel to my father the king,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie."

The nexten tune that it play'd seen
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Was, " Fareweel to my mither the queen,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie."

The thirden tune that it play'd then,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Was, " Wae to my sister, fair Ellen,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie!"

[But the lasten tune it play'd sae sma'
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Was saft, and sadly sweet o'er a',
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.]

[The hardest heart wad bled to hear;
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
It maen'd wi' sic a dowie cheir,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.]

[" And fareweel, O fareweel to thee,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
The dearest youth on life to me,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.]

[" Sin I maun bless thy heart nae mair,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
May ruing Heaven mees thy care,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie."]

THE TWA BROTHERS.

THE common title of this ballad is, "The Twa Brothers," or, "The Wood o' Warslin;" but the words *o' Warslin* appearing to the editor, as will be seen in the text, to be a mistake for *a-wrestling*, he took the liberty of altering it accordingly. After all, perhaps, the title may be right; and the wood may afterwards have obtained its denomination from the tragical event here celebrated. A very few lines inserted by the editor to fill up chasms are inclosed in brackets; the text, in other respects, is given genuine, as it was taken down from the recitation of Mrs Arrott.

THE TWA BROTHERS.

"O WILL ye gae to the school, brother?
Or will ye gae to the ba?
Or will ye gae to the wood a-warslin,
To see whilk o's maun fa' ?"

"It's I winna gae to the school, brother;
Nor will I gae to the ba;
But I will gae to the wood a-warslin;
And it is you maun fa."

They warstled up, they warstled down,
The lee-lang simmer's day;
[And nane was near to part the strife
That raise atween them tway,
Till out and Willie's drawn his sword,
And did his brother slay.]

" O lift me up upon your back;
Tak me to yon wall fair;
You'll wash my bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,
And see an they'll bleed nae mair †.

" And ye'll tak aff my Hollin sark,
And riv't frae gair to gair;
Ye'll stap it in my bluidy wounds,
And see an' they'll bleed nae mair."

He's liftit his brother upon his back;
Ta'en him to yon wall fair;
He's washed his bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,
But ay they bled mair and mair.

And he's ta'en aff his Hollin sark,
And riven't frae gair to gair;
He's stappit it in his bluidy wounds;
But ay they bled mair and mair.

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† For *syne*, which was the original reading, I have ventured to substitute *see an*, as the more probable and preferable reading.

" Ye'll lift me up upon your back;
Tak me to Kirkland fair †;
Ye'll mak my greaf baith braid and lang,
And lay my body there.

" Ye'll lay my arrows at my head;
My bent bow at my feet;
My sword and buckler at my side,
As I was wont to sleep.

" Whan ye gae hame to your father,
He'll speer for his son John:—
Say, ye left him into Kirkland fair,
Learning the school alone.

" When ye gae hame to my sister,
She'll speer for her brother John:—
Ye'll say, ye left him in Kirkland fair,
The green grass growin aboon.

---

† " The house of Inchmurry, formerly called Kirkland, was built of old by the abbot of Holyrood-house, for his accommodation when he came to that country, and was formerly the minister's manse."

Stat. Ac. of Scotland, vol. xiii. p. 506.

" Whan ye gae hame to my true love,
She'll speer for her lord John :—
Ye'll say, ye left him in Kirkland fair,
But hame ye fear he'll never come."—

He's gane hame to his father;
He speered for his son John :
" It's I left him into Kirkland fair,
Learning the school alone."

And whan he gaed hame to his sister,
She speered for her brother John :—
" It's I left him into Kirkland fair,
The green grass growin aboon.

And whan he gaed hame to his true love,
She speer'd for her lord John :
" It's I left him into Kirkland fair,
And hame, I fear, he'll never come.

[" Why bides he in Kirkland fair, Willie,
And winna come hame to me?"
" His bed is the ground, but his sleep is sound,
And a better hame has he."

"O why is your cheek sae wan, Willie,
Sae red that wont to be?"
"It's I hae been huntin the deer and dae,
And that has wearied me."]

"But whaten bluid's that on your sword, Willie?
Sweet Willie, tell to me."
"O, it is the bluid o' my grey hounds;
They wadna rin for me."

"It's nae the bluid o' your hounds, Willie;
Their bluid was never so red;
But it is the bluid o' my true love,
That ye hae slain indeed."

That fair may wept, that fair may mourn'd;
That fair may mourn'd and pin'd;
"When every lady looks for her love,
I ne'er need look for mine."

"O whaten a death will ye die, Willie?
Now, Willie, tell to me?"
"Ye'll put me in a bottomless boat,
And I'll gae sail the sea."

"Whan will ye come hame again, Willie?
Now, Willie, tell to me?"
"Whan the sun and moon dances on the green,
And that will never be."

THE CRUEL BROTHER,

OR,

THE BRIDE'S TESTAMENT.

This ballad, and that which follows it, are given verbatim, *upon the same authority as the preceding. It is very popular in Scotland; and an edition of it, differing materially from that here given, has appeared in the Edinburgh Collection, in two volumes.*

THERE was three ladies play'd at the ba',
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
There came a knight, and play'd o'er them a',
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The eldest was baith tall and fair,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
But the youngest was beyond compare,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The midmost had a gracefu' mien,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
But the youngest look'd like Beauty's queen,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The knight bow'd low to a' the three,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
But to the youngest he bent his knee,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The lady turned her head aside,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
The knight he woo'd her to be his bride,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The lady blush'd a rosy red,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And said, "Sir knight, I'm o'er young to wed,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"O, lady fair, give me your hand,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And I'll mak you ladie of a' my land,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"Sir knight, ere you my favour win,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
Ye maun get consent frae a' my kin,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

He has got consent frae her parents dear,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And likewise frae her sisters fair,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

He has got consent frae her kin each one,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
But forgot to spear at her brother John,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

Now, when the wedding day was come,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
The knight would take his bonny bride home,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

And many a lord and many a knight,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay,
Came to behold that lady bright,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

And there was nae man that did her see,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay,
But wished himself bridegroom to be,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

Her father dear led her down the stair,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And her sisters twain they kiss'd her there,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

Her mother dear led her through the close,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And her brother John set her on her horse,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

She lean'd her o'er the saddle-bow,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay,
To give him a kiss ere she did go,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

He has ta'en a knife, baith lang and sharp,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay,
And stabb'd the bonny bride to the heart
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

She hadna ridden half thro' the town,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay,
Until her heart's blood stained her gown,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

"Ride saftly on," said the best young man,
"With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
For I think our bonny bride looks pale and wan,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"O, lead me gently up yon hill,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay,
And I'll there sit down, and make my will,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"O, what will you leave to your father dear,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay?"
"The silver-shod steed that brought me here,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"What will you leave to your mother dear,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay?"
"My velvet pall and silken gear,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"And what will ye leave to your sister Ann,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay?"
"My silken scarf, and my golden fan,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"What will ye leave to your sister Grace,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay?"
"My bloody cloaths to wash and dress,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"What will ye leave to your brother John,
With a heigh ho! and a lily gay?"
"The gallows-tree to hang him on,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"What will ye leave to your brother John's wife,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay?"
"The wilderness to end her life,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

This fair lady in her grave was laid,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And a mass was o'er her said,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

But it would have made your heart right sair,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay,
To see the bridegroom rive his hair,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

LADY MAISRY.

THE young lords o' the north country
Have all a-wooing gane,
To win the love of lady Maisry;
But o' them she wou'd hae nane.

O, thae hae sought her, lady Maisry,
Wi' broaches, and wi' rings;
And they hae courted her, lady Maisry,
Wi' a' kin kind of things.

And they hae sought her, lady Maisry,
Frae father and frae mither;
And they hae sought her, lady Maisry,
Frae sister and frae brither.

And they hae follow'd her, lady Maisry,
Thro' chamber, and through ha';
But a' that they could say to her,
Her answer still was "Na."

"O, haud your tongues, young men," she said,
"And think nae mair on me;
For I've gi'en my love to an English lord,
Sae think nae mair on me."

Her father's kitchey-boy heard that,
(An ill death mot he die!)
And he is in to her brother,
As fast as gang cou'd he.

"O, is my father and my mother weel,
But, and my brothers three?
Gin my sister lady Maisry be weel,
There's naething can ail me."

"Your father and your mother is weel,
But and your brothers three;
Your sister, lady Maisry's, weel;
Sae big wi' bairn is she.

"A malison light on the tongue,
Sic tidings tells to me!—
But gin it be a lie you tell,
You shall be hanged hie."

He's doen him to his sister's bower,
Wi' mickle dool and care;
And there he saw her, lady Maisry,
Kembing her yellow hair.

"O, wha is aucht that bairn," he says,
"That ye sae big are wi'?
And gin ye winna own the truth,
This moment ye sall die."

She's turned her richt and round about,
And the kembe fell frae her han';
A trembling seized her fair bodie,
And her rosy cheek grew wan.

"O pardon me, my brother dear,
And the truth I'll tell to thee;
My bairn it is to Lord William,
And he is betrothed to me."

" O cou'dna ye gotten dukes, or lords,
Intill your ain countrie,
That ye drew up wi' an English dog,
To bring this shame on me?

" But ye maun gi'e up your English lord,
Whan your young babe is born;
For, gin ye keep by him an hour langer,
Your life shall be forlorn."

" I will gi'e up this English lord,
Till my young babe be born;
But the never a day nor hour langer,
Though my life should be forlorn."

" O whare is a' my merry young men,
Wham I gi'e meat and fee,
To pu' the bracken and the thorn,
To burn this vile whore wi'?"

" O whare will I get a bonny boy,
To help me in my need,
To rin wi' haste to Lord William,
And bid him come wi' speed?"

O out it spak a bonny boy,
  Stood by her brother's side;
" It's I wad rin your errand, lady,
  O'er a' the warld wide.

" Aft ha'e I run your errands, lady,
  When blawin baith wind and weet;
But now I'll rin your errand, lady,
  With saut tears on my cheek."

O whan he came to broken briggs,
  He bent his bow and swam;
And whan he came to the green grass growin',
  He slack'd his shoon and ran.

And whan he came to Lord William's yeats,
  He badena to chap or ca';
But set his bent bow to his breast,
  And lightly lap the wa';
And, or the porter was at the yeat,
  The boy was in the ha'.

" O is my biggins broken, boy?
  Or is my towers won?
Or is my lady lighter yet,
  O' a dear daughter or son?"

" Your biggin isna broken, sir,
Nor is your towers won;
But the fairest lady in a' the land
This day for you maun burn."

" O saddle to me the black, the black,
Or saddle to me the brown;
Or saddle to me the swiftest steed
That ever rade frae a town."

Or he was near a mile awa',
She heard his weir-horse sneeze;
" Mend up the fire, my fause brother,
It's nae come to my knees."

O, whan he lighted at the yeat,
She heard his bridle ring:
" Mend up the fire, my fause brother;
It's far yet frae my chin.

" Mend up the fire to me, brother,
Mend up the fire to me;
For I see him comin' hard and fast,
Will soon men't up for thee.

" O gin my hands had been loose, Willy,
Sae hard as they are boun',
I wadd hae turn'd me frae the gleed,
And casten out your young son."

" O I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
Your father and your mother;
And I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
Your sister and your brother;

" And I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
The chief o' a' your kin;
And the last bonfire that I come to,
Mysell I will cast in."

CLERK SAUNDERS.

It having been the original design of the editor, in making this compilation, to select not only such hitherto unpublished pieces as were entitled, by their own intrinsic merit, independent of other considerations, to the notice of the public; but such also as, by differing materially from the copies already given to the world, (even when that difference exhibited no examples of superior excellence,) contributed to illustrate the state of traditionary poetry in general, and of ballad poetry in Scotland in particular; there will be found in this work several popular ditties, the stories of which are already known to the admirers of such things, although they here appear in a dress entirely new to the mere readers of ancient minstrelsy. Of this description is the ballad of "Clerk Saunders," which has already appeared in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Had the editor been

aware, in time, of the superiority in contrivance and effect of Mr Scott's copy, he would most cheerfully have given up his own for its farther improvement; but that not having been the case, as he is of opinion, that the following variety of this affecting tale is still sufficiently curious to merit preservation, he has thought proper to adopt it, more from a hope of gratifying the curious antiquary, than of presenting the mere *belles lettres* critic with any thing deserving of his notice or approbation.

Nothing could have been better imagined than the circumstance, in Mr Scott's copy, of killing Clerk Saunders while his mistress was asleep; nor can any thing be more natural or pathetic than the three stanzas that follow. They might have charmed a whole volume of bad poetry against the ravages of time; in Mr Scott's volumes they shine but like pearls among diamonds.

"Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turn'd
Into his arms, as asleep she lay;
And sad and silent was the night
That was atween thir twae.

"And they lay still and sleeped sound,
Until the day began to daw;
And kindly to him she did say,
'It's time, true love, you were awa'.'

"But he lay still and sleeped sound,
Albeit the sun began to sheen;
She looked atween her and the wa',
And dull and drowsie were his een.'

The following copy was transmitted by Mrs Arrott of Aberbrothick. The stanzas, where the *Seven Brothers* are introduced, have been enlarged from two fragments, which, although very defective in themselves, furnished lines which, when incorporated with the text, seemed to improve it. Stanzas 21. and 22. were written by the editor; the idea of the *rose* being suggested by the gentleman who recited, but who could not recollect the language in which it was expressed.

CLERK SAUNDERS.

Clerk Saunders was an earl's son,
He liv'd upon sea-sand;
May Margaret was a king's daughter,
She liv'd in upper land.

Clerk Saunders was an earl's son,
Weel learned at the scheel;
May Margaret was a king's daughter;—
They baith lo'ed ither weel.

He's throw the dark, and throw the mark,
And throw the leaves o' green;
Till he came to May Margaret's door,
And tirled at the pin.

"O sleep ye, wake ye, May Margaret,
Or are ye the bower within?"
"O wha is that at my bower door,
Sae weel my name does ken?"
"It's I, Clerk Saunders, your true love,
You'll open and lat me in."

"O will ye to the cards, Margaret,
Or to the table to dine?
Or to the bed, that's weel down spread,
And sleep when we get time."

"I'll no go to the cards," she says,
"Nor to the table to dine;
But I'll go to a bed, that's weel down spread,
And sleep when we get time."

They were not weel lyen down,
And no weel fa'en asleep,
When up and stood May Margaret's brethren,
Just up at their bed feet.

"O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,
And dinna to us len,
O wha is aught yon noble steed,
That stands your stable in?

"The steed is mine, and it may be thine,
To ride whan ye ride in hie——
* * * * *

"But awa', awa', my bald brethren,
Awa', and mak nae din;
For I am as sick a lady the nicht
As e'er lay a bower within."

"O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,
And dinna to us len*,
O wha is aught yon noble hawk,
That stands your kitchen in?"

"The hawk is mine, and it may be thine,
To hawk whan ye hawk in hie——
* * * * *

---

* The term *len*, in this sense, is, so far as I know, now obsolete in Scotland. It here means to *stop*, or *hesitate*, and is used in the same sense by Browne, in his "Brittania's Pastorals," B. 2. song 3.

> "Here have I heard a sweet bird never *lin*
> To chide the river for his clam'rous din."

It seems to be the same with the old English and Scottish *blin*, to cease, or stop.

"But awa', awa', my bald brethren!
Awa', and mak nae din;
For I'm ane o' the sickest ladies this nicht
That e'er lay a bower within."

"O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,
And dinna to us len,
O wha is that, May Margaret,
You and the wa' between?"

"O, it is my bower-maiden," she says,
"As sick as sick can be;
O, it is my bower maiden," she says,
"And she's thrice as sick as me."

"We hae been east, and we've been west,
And low beneath the moon;
But a' the bower-women e'er we saw
Hadna goud buckles in their shoon."

Then up and spak her eldest brither,
Ay in ill time spak he;
"It is Clerk Saunders, your true love,
And never mat I the,
But for this scorn that he has done,
This moment he sall die."

But up and spak her youngest brother;
Ay in good time spak he:
" O, but they are a gudelie pair!—
True lovers an ye be,
The sword that hangs at my sword-belt
Sall never sinder ye!"

Syne up and spak her nexten brother,
And the tear stood in his ee,
" You've lo'ed her lang, and lo'ed her weel,
And pity it wad be,
The sword that hangs at my sword-belt
Shoud ever sinder ye!"

But up and spak her fifthen brother;
" Sleep on your sleep for me;
But we baith sall never sleep again,
For the tane o' us sall die!"

But up and spak her midmaist brother;
And an angry laugh leugh he;
" The thorn that dabs I'll cut it down,
Though fair the rose may be,"

"The flower that smell'd sae sweet yestreen
Has lost its bloom wi' thee;
And though I'm wae it should be sae,
Clerk Saunders, ye maun die."

And up and spak her thirden brother,
Ay in ill time spak he;
"Curse on his love and comeliness!—
Dishonour'd as ye be,
The sword that hangs at my sword-belt
Sall quickly sinder ye!"

Her eldest brother has drawn his sword;
Her second has drawn anither;
Between Clerk Saunders' hause and collar bane
The cald iron met thegither.

"O wae be to you, my fause brethren,
And an ill death mat ye die!
Ye mith slain Clerk Saunders in open field,
And no in the bed wi' me."

When seven years were come and gane,
Lady Margaret she thought lang;
And she is up to the hichest tower,
By the lee licht o' the moon.

She was lookin o'er her castle high,
To see what she might fa';
And there she saw a grieved ghost
Comin waukin o'er the wa'*.

"O, are ye a man of mean," she says,
Seekin ony o' my meat?
Or are you a rank robber,
Come in my bower to break?"

"O, I'm Clerk Saunders, your true love;
Behold, Margaret, and see,
And mind, for a' your meikle pride,
Sae will become of thee."

"Gin ye be Clerk Saunders, my true love,
This meikle marvels me—
O wherein is your bonny arms
That wont to embrace me?"

"By worms they're eaten; in mools they're rotten;
Behold, Margaret, and see;
And mind, for a' your mickle pride,
Sae will become o' thee!"

* The *wa'* here is supposed to mean the wall, which, in some old castles, surrounded the court.

* * * * *

O, bonny, bonny sang the bird,
Sat on the coil o' hay;
But dowie dowie was the maid,
That follow'd the corpse o' clay.

"Is there ony room at your head, Saunders,
Is there ony room at your feet?
Is there ony room at your twa sides
For a lady to lie and sleep?"

"There is nae room at my head, Margaret;
As little at my feet;
There is nae room at my twa sides
For a lady to lie and sleep.

"But gae hame, gae hame, now, May Margaret;
Gae hame and sew your seam;
For if ye were laid in your weel-made bed,
Your days will nae be lang."

GLENKINDIE.

THE hero of this tale seems to be the celebrated Welsh bard, *Glaskirion*, or *Kirion the Sallow*, of whom some notice will be found in Owen's "Cambrian Biography."

In Chaucer's "House of Fame," he is classed with Orpheus, Arion, and Chiron.

> "There herde I play on a harpe,
> That sowned both well and sharpe,
> Hym Orpheus full craftily;
> And on this side fast by
> Sate the harper Orion;
> And Eacides Chirion;
> And *the Briton Glaskyrion.*"

The Scottish writers, adapting the name to their own meridian, call him Glenkindy, Glenskeenie, &c. The copy

here given was taken from the recitation of an old woman, by Professor Scott of Aberdeen, and has been somewhat improved by a fragment communicated by the Rev. William Gray of Lincoln. Still it must be confessed, that the garb of this "*harper gude, that harped to the king*," seems very unworthy of the rank he once deservedly held. For another ballad on this subject, see the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," edit. 4. vol. iii. p. 43.

GLENKINDIE.

GLENKINDIE * was ance a harper gude,
He harped to the king;
And Glenkindie was ance the best harper
That ever harp'd on a string.

He'd harpit a fish out o' saut water,
Or water out o' a stane;
Or milk out o' a maiden's breast,
That bairn had never nane.

* Glenkindie (qu.? *Glenkennedy?*) is a beautiful valley, watered by the river Don, in the neighbourhood of Glenbucket, and belongs to the earl of Fife.

He's taen his harp intil his hand,
  He harpit and he sang;
And ay as he harpit to the king,
  To haud him unthought lang.

" I'll gie you a robe, Glenkindie,
  A robe o' the royal pa',
Gin ye will harp i' the winter's night
  Afore my nobles a'."

And the king but and his nobles a'
  Sat birling at the wine;
And he wad hae but his ae dochter,
  To wait on them at dine*.

---

* This stanza is found in the opening of " Brown Robin," which commences thus :

" The king but and his nobles a'
  Sat birling at the wine, [*bis*]
He would hae nane but his ae daughter
  To wait on them at dine.

" She served them but, she served them ben,
  Intill a gown o' green;
But her e'e was ay on Brown Robin,
  That stood low under the rain," &c.

He's taen his harp intill his hand,
  He's harpit them a' asleep,
Except it was the young countess,
  That love did waukin keep.

And first he has harpit a grave tune,
  And syne he has harpit a gay;
And mony a sich atween hands
  I wat the lady gae *.

Says, "Whan day is dawen, and cocks hae crawen,
  And wappit their wings sae wide,
It's ye may come to my bower door,
  And streek you by my side.

"But look that ye tell na Gib your man,
  For naething that ye dee;
For, an ye tell him, Gib your man,
  He'll beguile baith you and me."

---

* The following stanza occurs in one of the editor's copies of "The Gay Gosshawk:"

"O first he sang a merry song,
  And then he sang a grave;
And then he pecked his feathers gray,
  To her the letter gave."

He's taen his harp intill his hand;
  He harpit and he sang;
And he is hame to Gib his man,
  As fast as he could gang.

"O mith I tell you, Gib, my man,
  Gin I a man had slain?"
"O that ye micht, my gude master,
  Altho' ye had slain ten."

"Then tak ye tent now, Gib, my man,
  My bidden for to dee;
And, but an ye wauken me in time,
  Ye sall be hangit hie.

"Whan day has dawen, and cocks hae crawen,
  And wappit their wings sae wide,
I'm bidden gang till yon lady's bower,
  And streek me by her side."

"Gae hame to your bed, my good master;
  Ye've waukit, I fear, o'er lang;
For I'll wauken you in as good time,
  As ony cock i' the land."

He's taen his harp intill his hand,
  He harpit and he sang,
Until he harpit his master asleep,
  Syne fast awa did gang.

And he is till that lady's bower,
  As fast as he could rin;
When he cam till that lady's bower,
  He chappit at the chin.

"O wha is this," says that lady,
  "That opens nae and comes in?"
"It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true love,
  O, open and lat me in!"

She kent he was nae gentle knicht
  That she had latten in;
For neither whan he gaed nor cam,
  Kist he her cheek or chin.

He neither kist her whan he cam,
  Nor clappit her when he gaed;
And in and at her bower window,
  The moon shone like the gleed.

"O, ragged is your hose, Glenkindie,
And riven is your sheen,
And reavel'd is your yellow hair
That I saw late yestreen."

"The stockings they are Gib my man's,
They came first to my hand;
And this is Gib my man's shoon;
At my bed feet they stand.
I've reavell'd a' my yellow hair
Coming against the wind."

He's taen the harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang,
Until he cam to his master,
As fast as he could gang.

"Won up, won up, my good master;
I fear ye sleep o'er lang;
There's nae a cock in a' the land
But has wappit his wings and crawn."

Glenkindie's tane his harp in hand;
He harpit and he sang,
And he has reach'd the lady's bower,
Afore that e'er he blan.

When he cam to the lady's bower,
He chappit at the chin*;
"O, wha is that at my bower door,
That opens na and comes in?"
"It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true love,
And in I canna win."

* * * * *

"Forbid it, forbid it," says that lady,
"That ever sic shame betide;
That I should first be a wild loon's lass,
And than a young knight's bride."

There was nae pity for that lady,
For she lay cald and dead;
But a' was for him, Glenkindie,
In bower he must go mad.

He'd harpit a fish out o' saut water;
The water out o' a stane;
The milk out o' a maiden's breast,
That bairn had never nane.

---

* "At the *chin*." *sic.*

He's taen his harp intill his hand;
  Sae sweetly as it rang,
And wae and weary was to hear
  Glenkindie's dowie sang *.

But cald and dead was that lady,
  Nor heeds for a' his maen;
An he wad harpit till domisday,
  She'll never speak again.

He's taen his harp intill his hand;
  He harpit and he sang;
And he is hame to Gib his man
  As fast as he could gang.

" Come forth, come forth, now, Gib, my man,
  Till I pay you your fee;
Come forth, come forth, now, Gib, my man;
  Weel payit sall ye be!"

---

* This stanza has been altered, to introduce a little variety, and prevent the monotonous tiresomeness of repetition.

And he has taen him, Gib, his man,
And he has hang'd him hie;
And he's hangit him o'er his ain yate,
As high as high could be.

THE BARON OF BRACKLEY.

THE occurrence, of which the following ballad seems to be a true narrative, took place about the end of the seventeenth, or the beginning of the eighteenth century.

John Gordon of Brackley, commonly called *Baron of Brackley*, was a petty baron, of the family of Aboyne; and is represented by tradition as having been a gentleman of the most amiable and respectable character. Indeed, nothing but such a character could have preserved, for upwards of an hundred years, among rude peasants, the beautiful and pathetic lines, which hold him up, in the last unfortunate scene of his life, in so interesting and affecting a point of view.

Farquharson of Inverey, a renowned freebooter on Deeside, was his relation, and in habits of friendly intercourse with him. Farquharson was fierce, daring and active, exhibiting all the worst characteristics of a free-booter, with nothing of that blunt, and partially just and manly gene-

rosity, which were then not uncommonly met with among that description of men. The common people supposed him (as they did Dundee, and others of the same cast, who were remarkable for their fortunate intrepidity and miraculous escapes,) to be a *War-luck*, and proof against steel and lead. He is said to have been buried on the north side of a hill, which the sun could never shine upon; and "Deil scoup wi' *Fuddie* !*" is a proverbial form of execration still in use in the Mearns; *Fuddie* being the nickname by which he was usually known.

A somewhat different account of the affray which this ballad commemorates, is given by the descendants of Inverey, who are naturally willing to believe, that the seeds of those virtues which they themselves possess, however obscured by the habits and manners of the times, did exist in the character of their ancestor. They say, that some cattle and poneys belonging to Farquharson had strayed

---

* This denomination he seems to have derived from his alertness and activity, and the elastic bounding step in which he walked, and which is peculiar to mountaineers. A *whid* (in the north-east of Scotland pronounced *fud,*) is the *scut* of a rabbit, hare, deer, &c.; and to *fud* or *whid,* in the Scottish dialect, has the same meaning, and is of the same origin, with the English term *to scud,* and means, to skip along in the manner of *scutted* animals. When Fuddie and his Catherine went upon a marauding expedition, for "tooming faulds, or scouring of a glen," their visits were so sudden, that they were generally gone before the poor sufferers had warning to guard against them. The exclamation of "Deil scoup wi' Fuddie!" was natural enough from those who were sensible of their loss when too late.

down into Brackley's grounds, where they were pounded; and Inverey, with his followers, coming to relieve them, an altercation ensued, which was followed by a sudden discharge of fire-arms on both sides, by which Gordon and three of his followers fell. Inverey was outlawed, but was afterwards permitted to return.

Some fragments of the ruins of Brackley castle still remain; and they shew the gate through which he rode out, and a hollow way between two little knolls, where the Farquharsons fell upon him.

For the copy of the ballad here given, I am indebted to Mrs Brown. I have also collated it with another less perfect, but not materially different, so far as it goes, with which I was favoured by the editor of the "Border Minstrelsy," who took it down from the recitation of two ladies, great-grandchildren of Farquharson of Inverey; so that the ballad, and the notices that accompany it, are given upon the authority of a Gordon and a Farquharson.

Poetical justice requires, that I should subjoin the concluding stanza of the fragment, which could not be introduced into the text; as the reader cannot be displeased to learn, that the unworthy spouse of the amiable, affectionate, and spirited baron of Brackley, was treated by her unprincipled gallant as she deserved, and might have expected:

"Inverey spak a word, he spak it wrang,
'My wife and my bairns will be thinking lang'—
'O wae fa' ye, Inverey! ill mat ye die!
First to kill Brackley, and then to slight me."

THE BARON OF BRACKLEY.

FROM TRADITION.

DOWN Dee side came Inverey whistling and playing;
He's lighted at Brackley yates at the day dawing.

Says, "Baron o' Brackley, O are ye within?
There's sharp swords at the yate will gar your blood spin."

The lady raise up, to the window she went;
She heard her kye lowing o'er hill and o'er bent.

"O rise up, ye baron, and turn back your kye;
For the lads o' Drumwharran are driving them bye."

"How can I rise, lady, or turn them again!
Whare'er I have ae man, I wat they hae ten."

" Then rise up, my lasses, tak rocks in your hand,
And turn back the kye;—I ha'e you at command.

" Gin I had a husband, as I hae nane,
He wadna lye in his bower, see his kye ta'en."

Then up got the baron, and cried for his graith;
Says, " Lady, I'll gang, tho' to leave you I'm laith.

" Come, kiss me, then, Peggy, and gie me my speir;
I ay was for peace, tho' I never fear'd weir.

[" My glaive might hae hung in the ha' till my death,
Or e'er I had drawn it, a kinsman to skaith.]

" Come kiss me, then, Peggy, nor think I'm to blame;
I weel may gae out, but I'll never win in!"

When Brackley was busked, and rade o'er the closs,
A gallanter baron ne'er lap to a horse.

When Brackley was mounted, and rade o'er the green,
He was as bald a baron as ever was seen.

Tho' there cam' wi' Inverey thirty and three,
There was nane wi' bonny Brackley but his brother and he.

Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw:
But against four and thirty, wae's me, what is twa?

Wi' swords and wi' daggers they did him surround;
And they've pierced bonny Brackley wi' many a wound.

Frae the head o' the Dee to the banks o' the Spey,
The Gordons may mourn him, and bann Inverey.

" O came ye by Brackley yates, was ye in there?
Or saw ye his Peggy dear riving her hair?"

" O, I came by Brackley yates, I was in there,
And I saw his Peggy a-making good cheer."

That lady she feasted them, carried them ben;
She laugh'd wi' the men that her baron had slain.

" O fye on you, lady! how could you do sae?
You open'd your yates to the fause Inverey."

She ate wi' him, drank wi' him, welcom'd him in;
She welcom'd the villain that slew her baron!

She kept him till morning, syne bade him be gane,
And shaw'd him the road that he shou'dna be taen.

" Thro' Birss and Aboyne," she says, " lyin in a tour—
O'er the hills o' Glentanar you'll skip in an hour."—

—There's grief in the kitchen, and mirth in the ha';
But the Baron o' Brackley is dead and awa.

*** There is an account of this affair in a genealogical history of the family of Mackintosh, which fixes the date of the slaughter to the 16th of September 1666. According to the statement there given, Brackley had seized the horses of some dependants of Inverey, to recover the fines due by them for having fished salmon in the river Dee during the prohibited season. Inverey is said to have demanded from Gordon the restitution of these horses, as not being the property of the real offenders, whom he offered to produce and deliver up. Finally, he offered to refer the matter to mutual friends. But, according to this statement, Gordon not only rejected these pacific overtures, but, with his cousin Alexander Gordon of Abergeldy, began the affray, and killed two of Inverey's followers; upon which the Farquharsons, in their own defence, slew John Gordon of Brackley himself, his brother William, and James Gordon of Cults. It may be noticed, that the author of this account is obviously partial to Inverey, as leader of a branch of the Clan-Chattan, of which Mackintosh was the chief. He says, that by the interference of Mackintosh, the proceedings against Inverey in the Court of Justiciary, which the Gordons had commenced, were traversed, and put a stop to, for which interference he afterwards experienced the enmity of the Gordon family.—M'Farlane's Genealogical Collections, MS. in the Advocates' Library, vol. i. p. 299.

THE LAIRD OF WARISTOUN.

WARISTOUN is situated betwixt Leith and Edinburgh. The event, upon which the ballad is founded, is stated to have happened as follows.

"1600, July 2.—The same 2 day, John Kinland of Waristone murderet be his awin wyff and servant man, and her nurische being also upon the conspiracy. The said gentilwoman being apprehendit, scho was tane to the Girth crosse upon the 5 day of Julii, and her heid struck fra her bodie at the Cannagait fit, quha diet verie patiently. Her nurische was brunt at the same time, at 4 hours in the morneing, the 5 of Julii."—*Birrel's Diary*, p. 49.

"The 16 of Junii (1603) Robert Weir broken on ane cart wheel with ane coulter of ane pleuche, in the hand of the hangman, for murdering the gudeman of Warristone, quhilk he did 2 Julii 1600."—*Ibid*, p. 61.

The ballad is given here as it was taken down by the editor of the "Border Minstrelsy," from the recitation of his mother.

THE LAIRD OF WARISTOUN.

Down by yon garden green
Sae merrily as she gaes;
She has twa weel-made feet,
And she trips upon her taes.

She has twa weel-made feet;
Far better is her hand;
She's as jimp in the middle
As ony willow-wand.

"Gif ye will do my bidding,
At my bidding for to be,
It's I will make you lady
Of a' the lands you see."

* * * * *

He spak a word in jest;
  Her answer wasna good;
He threw a plate at her face,
  Made it a' gush out o' blood.

She wasna frae her chamber
  A step but barely three,
When up and at her richt hand
  There stood Man's Enemy.

" Gif ye will do my bidding,
  At my bidding for to be;
I'll learn you a wile
  Avenged for to be."

—The Foul Thief knotted the tether;
  She lifted his head on hie;
The nourice drew the knot
  That gar'd lord Waristoun die.

Then word is gane to Leith,
  Also to Edinburgh town,
That the lady had kill'd the laird,
  The laird o' Waristoun.

* * * * *

"Tak aff, tak aff my hood,
But lat my petticoat be;
Put my mantle o'er my head;
For the fire I downa see.

"Now, a' ye gentle maids,
Tak warning now by me,
And never marry ane
But wha pleases your e'e.

"For he married me for love,
But I married him for fee;
And sae brak out the feud
That gar'd my dearie die."

BURD ELLEN.

A BALLAD on this story has been published under the name of "Child Waters," in the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," edit. 4. vol. iii. p. 54. a copy of which, modernised by Mrs West, may be found in Evans's collection of Ballads, in 4 vols. "Burd Ellen" is here given from Mrs Brown's recitation, as it was taken down many years ago, without any view of ever being laid before the public. As it is very popular all over the lowlands of Scotland, I have preserved the integrity of the text with scrupulous exactness, except where the variations are pointed out in the margin. The few interpolations which I have ventured to introduce are inclosed within brackets, as usual. Whether the catastrophe is rendered more affecting by the three stanzas which I have added at the end; or whether I may expect praise or blame for having

sacrificed poetical justice to what appeared to me to be natural probability, is what I cannot determine: different readers will probably be of different opinions; and such as prefer the piece in its original state, may have their full gratification in this, as in every other case in this miscellany, by passing over such lines as are marked not authentic.

An imperfect copy, for which I am indebted to the friendship of Mrs Arrot of Arbroath, although it could not be incorporated with the text, as it is curious, I have here subjoined.

Lord Thomas stands in his stable-door,
  Seeing his steeds kaim'd down;
Lady Ellen sits at her bower door,
  Sewing her silver seam.

"O will ye stay at hame, Ellen,
  And sew your silver seam?
Or will ye to the rank highlands,
  For my lands lay far frae hame?"

"I winna stay at hame, lord Thomas,
  And sew my silver seam;
But I'll gae to the rank highlands,
  Tho' your lands lay far frae hame."

* * * * *

"An asking, an asking, lord Thomas;
  I pray thee grant it me:
How many miles into your fair tower,
  And house where you would be?"

"Your asking fair, lady Ellen," he says,
"Shall now be granted thee;
For to my castle where it stands,
Is thirty miles and three."
"O wae is me," says lady Ellen,
"It will never be run by me."

But up and spak the wily pyot,
That sat upon the tree,
"Sae loud, sae loud, ye fause fause knight,
Sae loud as I hear you lie;

"For to your dwelling-house," it says,
"Of miles its scantly three."
"O weel is me," says lady Ellen,
It shall be run by me."

"O, mither, mither, mak my bed,
And mak it braid and wide;
And lay my little page at my feet,
Whatever may betide."

* * * * *

"An asking, an asking, lord Thomas,
I pray thee, grant it me:
O grant me a cup of cold water
Between my young son and me."

"What you do ask, lady Ellen,
Shall soon be granted thee;
The best bread, and the best wine,
Between my young son and thee."

"I ask again, my good lord Thomas,
I ask again of thee,
The poorest cot-house in your land
Between my young son and me."

"Your asking, now, dear lady Ellen,
I quickly grant to thee;
The best bower about my tower,
Between my young son and thee."

* * * * *

In Mrs Brown's copy I have omitted two stanzas at the beginning, which run thus:

"I warn ye a', ye gay ladies,
That wear scarlet and brown,
That ye dinna leave your father's house,
To follow young men frae town.

"O here am I a lady gay,
That wears scarlet and brown,
Yet I will leave my father's house,
And follow lord John frae the town."

BURD ELLEN.

Lord John stood in his stable door,
Said he was boun to ride;
Burd Ellen stood in her bower door,
Said, she'd rin by his side.

He's pitten on his cork-heel'd shoon,
And fast awa rade he;
She's clad hersel in page array,
And after him ran she,

Till they came till a wan water,
And folks do call it Clyde;
Then he's lookit o'er his left shoulder,
Says, "Lady, will ye ride?"

"O, I learnt it wi' my bower woman,
And I learnt it for my weal,
Whanever I cam to wan water,
To swim like ony eel."

But the firsten stap the lady stappit,
The water came till her knee;
"Ochon, alas!" said the lady,
This water's o'er deep for me."

The nexten stap the lady stappit,
The water came till her middle;
And, sighin, says that gay lady,
"I've wat my gouden girdle."

The thirden stap the lady stappit,
The water came till her pap;
And the bairn that was in her twa sides
For cauld began to quake.

"Lie still, lie still, my ain dear babe;
Ye work your mother wae,
Your father rides on high horse back,
Cares little for us twae."

O, about the midst o' Clyde's water
There was a yeard-fast stane;
He lightly turn'd his horse about,
And took her on him behin.

" O, tell me this now, good lord John,
In pity tell to me*,
How far it is to your lodgin,
Whare we this night maun be?"

" O see na ye yon castell, Ellen,
That shines sae fair to see?
There is a lady in it, Ellen,
Will sinder you and me."

" There is a lady in that castell
Will sinder you and I"—
" Betide me weal, betide me wae,
I sall gang there and try."

[" The heart that lo'es as I lo'e thee,
Can ne'er its love forgae;
And ae kind blink frae thee could mak
Amends for years o' wae."

* " In pity tell to me," stood originally, " And a word ye dinna lie."

" O kindly will I blink, forsooth,
  But never blink on thee;
For the love that does o' lichtness come,
  Ay lichtlied should be.

" And dearly will I lo'e my dame,
  Sae noble, chaste, and fair;
But ye, that play'd a wanton's part,
  A wanton's scorn shall bear;]

[" And] my dogs shall eat the good white bread,
  And ye shall eat the bran;
Then will ye sigh, and say, alas!
  That ever I was a man!"

[" Licht is the love o' lichtness comes,
  And lichtly will it gang;
But, leal's the heart that silently
  Bleeds at a lover's wrang;

" And meek her love, and true, that can
  But weep his scorn to dree,
To wham she vail'd her virgin pride,
  And gae what love could gie.

"The food sic love is fed upon*
Is neither bread nor bran;]
And I hope to live to bless the day,
That ever ye was a man."

"O, my horse shall eat the good white meal,
And ye sall eat the corn;
Then will ye curse the heavy hour
That ever your love was born."

"O nay, O nay, lord John, whate'er
I eat, or meal or corn,
I ay sall bless the happy hour
That ever my love was born."

O, four and twenty gay ladies
Welcom'd lord John to the ha',
But a fairer lady than them a'
Led his horse to the stable sta'.

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* "The food," &c. originally,

"O, I shall eat the good white bread,
And your dogs shall eat the bran," &c.

These lines are again repeated in the beginning of stanza 21.

O, four and twenty gay ladies
  Welcom'd lord John to the green;
But a fairer lady than them a'
  At the manger stood alane.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
  And a' men boun to meat,
Burd Ellen was at the bye-table
  Amang the pages set.

"O, eat and drink, my bonny boy,
  The white bread and the beer."—
"The never a bit can I eat or drink,
  My heart's sae fu' o' fear."

"O, eat and drink, my bonny boy,
  The white bread and the wine."—
"O, how sall I eat or drink, master,
  Wi' heart sae fu' o' pine?"

But out and spak lord John's mother,
  And a wise woman was she;
"Whare met ye wi' that bonny boy,
  That looks sae sad on thee?

" Sometimes his cheek is rosy red,
And sometimes deadly wan;
He's liker a woman big wi' bairn,
Than a young lord's serving man."

" O, it makes me laugh, my mother dear,
Sic words to hear frae thee;
He is a squire's ae dearest son,
That for love has followed me.

" Rise up, rise up, my bonny boy,
Gi'e my horse corn and hay."—
" O, that I will, my master dear,
As quickly as I may."

She's ta'en the hay under her arm,
The corn intill her hand;
And she's gane to the great stable,
As fast as e'er she can.

" O room ye round, my bonny brown steeds;
O, room ye near the wa';
For the pain that strikes me through my sides
Full soon will gar me fa'."

She lean'd her back against the wa';
  Strong travel came her on;
And e'en amang the great horse feet
  Burd Ellen brought forth her son.

Lord Johnis mither intill her bower
  Was sitting all alane,
When, in the silence o' the nicht,
  She heard Burd Ellen's mane.

"Won up, won up, my son," she says,
  "Gae see how a' does fare;
For I think I hear a woman's groans,
  And a bairnie greetin' sair."

O, hastily he gat him up,
  Staid neither for hose nor shoon,
And he's doen him to the stable door
  Wi' the clear light o' the moon.

He strack the door hard wi' his foot,
  Sae has he wi' his knee,
And iron locks and iron bars
  Into the floor flung he.
"Be not afraid, Burd Ellen," he says;
  "There's nane come in but me.

"Tak up, tak up my bonny young son;
Gar wash him wi' the milk;
Tak up, tak up my fair lady,
Gar row her in the silk.

"And cheer thee up, Burd Ellen," he says,
"Look nae mair sad nor wae;
For your marriage and your kirkin too
Sall baith be in ae day."

[She heaved up her droopin head;—
O, but her face was wan!
And the smile upon her wallowed lip
Wad melted heart o' stane.

"O, blessins on thy couth, lord John;
Weel's me to see this day;
For mickle hae I done and dreed;
But weel does this repay!

"And, oh! be to my bairnie kind,
As I hae loved thee"—
Back in his trembling arms she sank,
And cald death closed her ee.]

THE TRUMPETER OF FYVIE.

Of the poetry, or the pathos of this piece, the editor has little to say. Those, who, like him, have often, in their earlier years, heard it sung by the simple country maiden at her wheel, when they recollect the sympathies which it then created, and the interest with which it was listened to by the untutored circle around the rural fire-side, will be disposed to treat it with a degree of indulgence and even approbation, which is not to be expected from readers of a different description. Yet, it is presumed, that even those to whom its rude simplicity, as a composition, may have no charms, will not be displeased to see it preserved here on another account. It is almost entirely without rhymes; as cadence in the measure is all that seems aimed at, and the few instances of rhyme that occur, appear to be rather casual than intentional.

This peculiarity must render it an object of considerable curiosity to such as wish to investigate the history of traditionary poetry; and as, in making this collection, the compiler has endeavoured to keep the illustration of this subject constantly in view, he is particularly pleased at being able to furnish the curious inquirer with another copy of this artless tale of unfortunate love, differing in almost every line from the following, and which will be found printed in the appendix.

The copy, here given, was transmitted to the present writer by Dr Leyden, whom the Muses and the Graces have taught with so happy a hand to

"—— crop from Teviotdale each lyric flower *,"

and who is now employed in the plains of Hindostan, as he lately was in the Vale of Teviot.

—— δρέπων μὲν
κορυφὰς ἀρετᾶν ἀπὸ πασᾶν †.

It is an east coast ditty; and the "Wood of Fyvie" has been rendered vocal by strains of a much livelier character than those that have been married to the sad tale of "Tiftie's Annie."

The ballad was taken down by Dr Leyden from the recitation of a young lady (Miss Robson) of Edinburgh, who learned it in Teviotdale. It was current in the Bor-

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* See "Collins's Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland."

† "Pindar's First Olympic Ode."

der counties within these few years, as it still is in the north-east of Scotland, where the scene is laid.

It has been supposed to be at least as ancient as the days of Allan Ramsay, who seems, in his continuation of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," cant. iii. l. 69. to allude to it as a popular air:

> "I'se warrand ye have a' heard tell
> Of Bonny Andrew Lammie, &c."

The music, by which it is usually accompanied, is of that class which, in Teviotdale, they term a *Northern Drawl;* and a Perthshire *set* of it, but two notes lower than it is commonly sung, is to be found in Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum," to the song

> "How lang and drearie is the night, &c."

THE TRUMPETER OF FYVIE.

At Fyvie's yetts there grows a flower,
It grows baith braid and bonny;
There's a daisie in the midst o' it,
And it's ca'd by Andrew Lammie.

"O gin that flower war in my breast,
For the love I bear the laddie;
I wad kiss it, and I wad clap it,
And daut it for Andrew Lammie.
The first time me and my love met,
Was in the woods of Fyvie;

"He kissed my lips five thousand times,
And ay he ca'd me bonny;
And a' the answer he gat frae me,
Was, My bonny Andrew Lammie!"

"What dule disturb'd my dochter's sleep?
O tell to me, my Annie!"
She sighed right sair, and said nae mair,
But, "O for Andrew Lammie!"

Her father beat her cruellie,
Sae also did her mother;
Her sisters sair did scoff at her;
But wae betide her brother!

Her brother beat her cruellie,
Till his straiks they werena canny †;
He brak her back, and he beat her sides,
For the sake o' Andrew Lammie.

"O fie, O fie, my brother dear,
The gentlemen 'll shame ye;
The laird o' Fyvie he's gaun by,
And he'll come in and see me.

"And he'll kiss me, and he'll clap me,
And he will speer what ails me;
And I will answer him again,
It's a' for Andrew Lammie."

† Werena canny, i. e. *were dangerous.*

Her sisters they stood in the door,
Sair griev'd her wi' their folly;
" O sister dear, come to the door,
Your cow is lowin on you."

" O fie, O fie, my sister dear,
Grieve me not wi' your folly;
I'd rather hear the trumpet sound,
Than a' the kye o' Fyvie.

" Love pines away, love dwines away,
Love, love decays the body;
For love o' thee now I maun die—
Adieu to Andrew Lammie!"

But Tiftie's wrote a braid letter,
And sent it into Tyvie,
Saying, his daughter was bewitch'd,
By bonny Andrew Lammie.

" Now, Tiftie, ye maun gi'e consent,
And lat the lassie marry."
" I'll never, never gi'e consent
To the Trumpeter of Fyvie."

When Fyvie looked the letter on,
He was baith sad and sorry:
Says—" The bonniest lass o' the country-side
Has died for Andrew Lammie."

O Andrew's gane to the house-top,
O' the bonny house o' Fyvie;
He's blawn his horn baith loud and shill
O'er the lawland leas o' Fyvie.

" Mony a time ha'e I walk'd a' night,
And never yet was weary;
But now I may walk wae my lane,
For I'll never see my deary.

" Love pines away, love dwines away,
Love, love, decays the body:
For the love o' thee, now I maun die—
I come, my bonny Annie!"

WILLIE AND MAY MARGARET.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM MRS BROWN'S RECITATION.

"Gie corn to my horse, mither;
Gi'e meat unto my man;
For I maun gang to Margaret's bower,
Before the nicht comes on."

"O stay at hame now, my son Willie;
The wind blaws cald and sour;
The nicht will be baith mirk and late,
Before ye reach her bower."

"O tho' the nicht were ever sae dark,
Or the wind blew never sae cald,
I will be in my Margaret's bower
Before twa hours be tald."

" O gin ye gang to may Margaret,
  Without the leave of me,
Clyde's waters wide and deep enough;
  My malison drown thee!"

He mounted on his coal-black steed,
  And fast he rade awa';
But ere he came to Clyde's water,
  Fu' loud the wind did blaw.

As he rode o'er yon hich hich hill,
  And down yon dowie den,
There was a roar in Clyde's water,
  Wad fear'd a hunder men.

His heart was warm, his pride was up;
  Sweet Willie kentna fear;
But yet his mither's malison
  Ay sounded in his ear.

O he has swam through Clyde's water,
  Tho' it was wide and deep;
And he came to may Margaret's door,
  When a' were fast asleep.

O he's gane round and round about,
And tirled at the pin;
But doors were steek'd, and windows barr'd,
And nane wad let him in.

"O open the door to me, Margaret,
O open and lat me in!
For my boots are full o' Clyde's water,
And frozen to the brim."

"I darena open the door to you,
Nor darena lat you in;
For my mither she is fast asleep,
And I darena mak nae din.

"O gin ye winna open the door,
Nor yet be kind to me,
Now tell me o' some out-chamber,
Where I this nicht may be."

"Ye canna win in this nicht, Willie,
Nor here ye canna be;
For I've nae chambers out nor in,
Nae ane but barely three.

" The tane o' them is fu' o' corn,
The tither is fu' o' hay;
The tither is fu' o' merry young men;
They winna remove till day."

" O fare ye weel, then, may Margaret,
Sin better manna be;
I've win my mither's malison,
Coming this nicht to thee."

He's mounted on his coal-black steed,
O, but his heart was wae!
But ere he came to Clyde's water,
'Twas half up o'er the brae.

* * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * he plunged in,
But never raise again.

HUGH OF LINCOLN.

Two ballads, on this subject, have already been published; one in the "Relique of Ancient English poetry," vol. i. p. 39. edit. 4. in which the Scottish reciter seems, from ignorance, to have substituted *Mirry-land toune* for *merry Lincolne*, and another under the same name as has been adopted here.

The text of the following edition has been given *verbatim*, as the editor took it down from Mrs Brown's recitation; and in it two circumstances are preserved, which are neither to be found in any of the former editions, nor in any of the chronicles in which the transaction is recorded; but which are perfectly in the character of those times, and tend to enhance the miracles to which the discovery is attributed. The first of these is, that, in order that the whole of this infamous sacrifice might be of a piece, and every pos-

sible outrage shewn to christianity, the Jews threw the child's body into a well dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and tradition says, that it was "through the might of Our Ladie," that the dead body was permitted to speak, and to reveal the horrid story to the disconsolate mother. The other is, the voluntary ringing of the bells, &c. at his funeral. The sound of consecrated bells was supposed to have a powerful effect in driving away evil spirits, appeasing storms, &c. and they were believed to be inspired with sentiments and perceptions which were often manifested in a very miraculous manner. Of this we find a very striking instance recorded in Blind Harry's account of the death of Sir William Wallace; and in Ritson's "Metrical Romances," vol. iii. p. 80, when Le Bone Florence of Rome approached the church of Hillarius, we are told, that,

> "When that sche came nere the place,
> The bellys range thorow Gody's grace,
> Wythowten helpe of hande."

Stories of church bells, on momentous occasions, ringing "untouched by mortal hand," are still commonly told and believed in Scotland, and perhaps in every other Christian country. The editor remembers a clergyman in the north of Scotland, holding a kirk, the stipend annexed to which was by no means adequate to the decent support of his numerous and promising family. The kirk of the neighbouring parish, which was also very small, becoming vacant, he got them united. Immediately there was a general out-cry among the peasantry all over the country,

and the curses denounced against such as "join house to house, and field to field, till there be no place," were re-echoed far and wide. The old kirk, now forsaken, manifested its indignation in various wonderful ways; and among others, the bell was affirmed and believed to have rung of its own accord, at the usual hour of going to church. That a church bell may in this, and in all the other instances here referred to, have been heard to ring, may readily be admitted, without any supposed interposition of a miracle. Not many years back, one very calm and dark night, the inhabitants of a country parish in the north east of Scotland, were thrown into the utmost consternation, by hearing the kirk bell ring at a very unseasonable hour, and in a very strange and unusual manner. Their horror was inconceivable; for they were prepared to look for some dreadful catastrophe either to the minister or the precentor, as some verses of the 109th psalm had been sung in the kirk the Sunday before. No one dared to approach the place to inquire into the cause of such an unaccountable phœnomenon; but, in the morning, the poor minister was found dead, hanging from the bell-rope† !

† As he is on the subject of kirk bells, the editor hopes to be pardoned here for attempting to relieve these annals of human weakness and superstition, by an anecdote of a very different kind, although not immediately to the purpose :

"A gentleman in Aberdeenshire, in other respects a good-natured and well-behaved man, was so incessant a talker, that no other person, in his company, could find an opportunity of uttering a word.

Of the transaction, which is the subject of the ballad of "Hugh of Lincoln," a detailed account is given by Mathew Paris, in his History of England, under the reign of Henry the Third, p. 912. John Foxe, in his "Actes and

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Another facetious gentleman, who was on a visit in the neighbourhood, was to meet this man of many words in a large company; and being informed of his unlucky loquacity, gave a hint to his friends, that he would endeavour to afford them some amusement by talking him down, and thus, at once depriving him for ever of a privilege, which none had hitherto dared to dispute. The stranger watched his opportunity, contradicted him, got the start of him, and ran on with inconceivable volubility, and an unexhaustible fund of words and wind. The other sat, gasping with impatience, and made many fruitless attempts to interrupt the torrent by which he was overwhelmed. At last, being himself a man of humour, seeing his own foible so glaringly exposed in another, and guessing by the looks and gestures of the company how the case stood, he started up, ran to the speaker, seized him by the button, and roared out in his ear, 'Stop, stop! for God's sake, stop! Hear me but tell one short story, and then you may run on till doomsday, before I ever interrupt you, or any other person, again!'

"The people of our parish lately caught a thief; a notorious and enterprising old offender. It was too late to carry him to Aberdeen; there was no prison nearer; and, as they did not wish to have the trouble of sitting up all night to watch him, they locked him up in the kirk, as the safest place of confinement. In looking about at his leisure for the means of escaping, the thief observed that the bell-rope was passed from the outside through a small window in the gable end, and was hanging in the gallery. When night came, and he thought all was safe and quiet, he laid hold of the rope, and began to climb. The bell rang, and he mounted; and just as he had got half out of the window, he observed the rustics with clubs and pitchforks assembled to receive him on the out-side. Looking up with an acrimonious grin at the invidious tell-tale above him, he cried out, "O deil choke thee for a bell! For thy toom *(empty)* head, and thy lang tongue, will be the death of me!"

Monumentes of Christian Martyrs, &c." vol. i. p. 327. edit. 1583, has also mentioned it, with a reference to the "long storie" of Mathew Paris, to which he adds: "The same, or like fact was also intended by the like Jewes of Norwich 20 yeres before upon a certaine childe, whom they first circumcised, and detained a whole yere in custodie, intending to crucifie him, for the which the Jewes were sent up to the Tower of London, of whom 18 were hanged, and the rest remained long in prison."

As the fact has been generally disbelieved, and but slightly noticed by our later historians; and as the narrative of Mathew Paris is in itself curiously circumstantial, and characteristic of the manners of those times, I have adopted it. The learned reader will require no apology for inserting so long an extract; and I hope the unlearned reader will admit that length as a sufficient apology for my not having subjoined a translation, from a fear of incurring the imputation of having swelled out my pages with unnecessary repetitions, in order to make a book.

"*Anno quoque sub eodem, circa festum Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, Judæi Lincolniæ furati sunt unum puerum,* HUGONEM *nomine, habentem ætate octo annos. Et quum ipsum in quodam conclavi secretissimo, lacte et aliis puerilibus alimentis nutrirent, miserunt ad omnes fere Angliæ civitates in quibus Judæi degebant, et convocarunt de unaquaque civitate aliquos Judæorum, ut in contumeliam et opprobrium Jesu Christi, interessent sacrificio suo Lincolniæ. Habebant enim, ut dicebant, quendam puerum absconditum ad cru-*

cifigendum. Et convenerunt multi Lincolniæ, et convenientes constituerunt unum Judæum Lincolniensem pro Judice, tanquam pro Pilato. Cujus judicio, et omnium favore, affectus est puer diversis tormentis. Verberatus est usque ad cruorem et livorem, spinis coronatus, sputis et cachinnis lacessitus. Et insuper a singulis punctus cultellis, qui dicuntur Anlatii, potatus felle, derisus probris et blasphemiis, et crebrò ab eisdem, frendentibus dentibus, Jesus Pseudopropheta vocatus. Et postquam diversimodo illuserant ei, crucifixerunt, et lanceâ ad cor pupugerunt. Et cum expirasset puer, deposuerunt corpus de cruce, et nescitur quâ ratione evisceraruntcorpusculum; dicitur autem ad magicas artes exercendas.

Mater autem pueri filium suum absentem per aliquot dies quæsivit, dictumque ei a vicinis, quod ultimo viderunt puerum quem quæsivit ludentem cum pueris Judæorum cœtaneis, et domum Judæi cujusdam intrantem. Intravit igitur mulier subitò domum illam, et vidit corpus pueri in quendam puteum precipitatum. Et cautè convocatis Civitatis Ballivis, inventum est corpus, et extractum, et factum est mirabile spectaculum in populo. Mulier autem mater pueri, quærula et clamosa, omnes cives uno convenientes, ad lachrymas et suspiria provocavit. Erat autem ibidem Dominus Johannes de Lexintonâ, vir quidem circumspectus et discretus, insuper eleganter literatus, qui ait, " Audivimus quandoque quod talia Judæi in opprobrium Jesu Christi Domini nostri crucifixi non sunt veriti attemptare. Et capto uno Judæo, in cujus domum scilicet intravit puer ludens, et ideo

aliis suspectior, ait illi, ' Miser, nescis quod te festinus manet interitus? Totum aurum Angliæ non sufficeret ad ereptionem tuam et redemptionem. Veruntamen dicam tibi licet indigno, qualiter potes vitam tuam reservare, et membra ne mutileris. Utrumque tibi salvabo, si quæcunque in hoc casu aguntur sine falsi stamine mihi pandere non formides.' Judæus igitur ille, cui nomen Copinus, sic credens viam invenisse evasionis, respondit dicens : ' Dominus Johannes, si dictis facta compensas, pandam tibi mirabilia.' Et animavit ad hoc Domini Johannis industria ; et ait Judæus : ' Vera sunt quæ dicunt Christiani ! Judæi ferè quolibet anno unum puerum in injuriam et opprobrium Jesu crucifigunt ; sed non quolibet anno comperitur ; occultè, enim, hoc faciunt, et locis absconditis et secretissimis. Hunc autem puerum quem Hugonem vocant, immisericorditèr nostri Judæi crucifixerunt, et cum obiisset, et mortuum vellent abscondere, non potuit obrui in terrâ, nec abscondi. Inutile enim reputabatur corpus insontis auguria ; ad hoc enim eviscerabatur. Et cum mane putatur absconditum, edidit illud terra et evomuit, et apparuit corpus aliquoties inhumatum supra terram, unde abhorruerunt Judæi. Tandem in puteum precipitatum est ; nec adhuc tamen potuit occultari. Mater enim improba omnia perscrutando, tandem corpus inventum Ballivis intimavit.'

Dominus autem Johannes tenuit Judæum vinculis mancipatum ; et cum hæc canonicis Ecclesiæ Lincolniensis Cathedralis innotuissent, petiverunt corpusculum sibi dari ; et concessum est illi. Et cum ab infinitis satis consideraretur,

honorificè in Ecclesiâ Lincolniensi, tanquam preciosi martyris, humabatur. Sciendum, quod Judæi tenuerunt puerum vivum per decem dies, ut tot diebus pastus lacte tormenta vivus multiformia tolerat.

Cum Rex redisset de partibus Borealibus Angliæ, et certificaretur de præmissis, increpavit Dominum Johannem, quod tam flagitioso vitam et membra polliceretur, quod dari nequiverat; dignus enim est blasphemus ille et homicida mortis pœna multiformi. Et cum judicium reo imminere irremediabile, ait, "Imminet mihi mors mea, nec potest Dominus Johannes perituro sufragari. Nunc dico vobis omnibus veritatem: Hujus pueri de quo calumniantur Judæi morti consentiebant ferè omnes Judæi Angliæ. Et cujuslibet ferè civitatis Angliæ in quâ Judæi habitant, quidam lecti convocabantur ad illius pueri immolationem, quasi ad Paschale sacrificium." Et cum hæc dixisset, simul cum aliis deliramentis, ligatus ad caudam equinam, et tractus ad patibulum, æreis cacodemonibus in corpore et animâ præsentaretur; et alii Judæi, hujus facinoris participes, quater viginti et undecim, in bigis Londinum ducti, carcerali custodiæ mancipantur. Qui si fortè ab aliquibus Christianis plangerentur, ab æmulis eorum Caursinis † siccis lachrymis deplorabantur."

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† The Caursini were Italian merchants, who were employed by the Pope as his agents in carrying on the infamous traffic of usury, in which the Jews were his most formidable rivals; so that from the unjustifiable wants and unbounded extortions of the king, the blind

Such is the authority upon which the credit of this singular story is to be established. Of the honesty of Mathew Paris the editor entertains no suspicion; nor would he despise the understanding of any historian, who, during the first three hundred and fifty years after the event is supposed to have taken place, had considered such evidence as sufficient to establish beyond a doubt any historical fact whatsoever. The enquiry, to which it gave rise, was carried on by the justiciaries of the king, and by his especial commission; and nothing could be more public and notorious than the trials and the executions that followed. Yet we ought not to forget the motives of Henry the Third in persecuting the Jews; the profits arising from putting them in fear, and finding them guilty; and how far it was in the power of the king to obtain what decisions he pleased against persons, whom riches, usury, and a blind and intolerant superstition had rendered so odious to his subjects. Add to this, that among the *deliramenta* of poor Copin, the Jew, (whose weakness, after submitting to be tampered with, seems afterwards to have degenerated into mental derangement) good sense must reject the circumstance of taking out the entrails of the child for purposes of incan-

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credulity and furious bigotry of the people, and the envious rivalship of the Pope and the Caursini, the poor Jews had little mercy to look for, and the slightest hint of culpability was equal to a demonstration of guilt.

tation, and of their inefficacy, because the subject, although accursed by crucifixion, was innocent. For although a belief in witchcraft was then general, we can hardly imagine that the individual Jews, who were accused of this atrocious deed, conceived themselves to be possessed of the power of working by any such supernatural means. But witchcraft then made part of almost every accusation, in which, from want of substantial evidence, it was necessary to influence the prejudices of the people against some devoted object of public vengeance, or of private malice. Such an evident flaw in the indictment may well justify us in thinking less highly than Mathew Paris seems to have done, of the *circumspect, discreet, elegant and learned Master John of Lexinton.*

Yet a learned and reputable author †, who has well considered the subject, and certainly deserves a respectful hearing, after giving an abstract of the story, to which he has subjoined copies of the king's *commission* for the trial of the fact, and the *warrant* to sell the goods of the several Jews, who were found guilty, adds, "Surely, these two records must make this matter no longer disputable. It was wrong, therefore, in the Rev. Dr Fuller to say in his Ecclesiastical History, B. iii. p. 87, 'How sufficiently these crimes were witnessed against them I know not.' In such cases *weak* proofs are *of proof* against rich offenders;

† Dr Tovey, in his very curious work in quarto, entituled "Anglia Judaica," p. 137.

and we may well believe, that if their *persons* were guilty of *some* of these faults, their *estates* were guilty of *all* the rest."

Without attempting to settle the dispute between Dr Tovey and those historians from whom he differs in sentiment, we may be permitted to hazard an opinion, that the crucifixion of Hugh of Lincoln was not a mere groundless calumny against the Jews.

That which seems to have had most weight with those who disbelieve the story is, the inadequateness of the motive, the great risque at which such cruelties were perpetrated, and the smallness of the gratification which could arise from them. But when we consider the barbarous manners of the age, the enormities to which men have been led by misguided zeal, the vindictive spirit of retribution, which a misapplication of historical precedents among that unfortunate and interdicted people was calculated to inspire, the contumely, the injustice, and the cruelty with which they were, at that time, persecuted all over Europe, and the pleasure which the minds of such men, irritated and exasperated by continual wrongs, are sometimes found to derive from revenge; it seems exceedingly probable, that they occasionally laid hold of such means of retaliation as were in their power. In the following copy of the ballad, moreover, it is insinuated, that those very Jews had been suspected, or accused, and probably punished, for some alleged outrage upon the father of the boy; so that

in this instance, there was a private and particular reason for their visiting the sins of the father upon the son.

Whether the *Shrine of Saint Hugo* in the Cathedral of Lincoln was erected for the Bishop of that name, or for the reputed martyr, it is not here of much importance to enquire. The virtues, piety, and munificence of the good prelate are now but very partially known; while a common ballad has preserved, for five centuries and a half, the memory of the boy, for merits which he probably never possessed.

HUGH OF LINCOLN.

FOUR and twenty bonny boys
  Were playing at the ba';
And by it came him, sweet sir Hugh,
  And he play'd o'er them a'.

He kick'd the ba' with his right foot,
  And catch'd it wi' his knee;
And throuch-and-thro' the Jew's window,
  He gar'd the bonny ba' flee.

He's doen him to the Jew's castell,
  And walk'd it round about;
And there he saw the Jew's daughter
  At the window looking out.

"Throw down the ba', ye Jew's daughter,
Throw down the ba' to me!"
"Never a bit," says the Jew's daughter,
Till up to me come ye."

"How will I come up? How can I come up?
How can I come to thee?
For as ye did to my auld father,
The same ye'll do to me."

She's gane till her father's garden,
And pu'd an apple, red and green;
'Twas a' to wyle him, sweet sir Hugh,
And to entice him in.

She's led him in through ae dark door,
And sae has she thro' nine;
She's laid him on a dressing table,
And stickit him like a swine.

And first came out the thick thick blood,
And syne came out the thin;
And syne came out the bonny heart's blood;
There was nae mair within.

She's row'd him in a cake o' lead,
  Bade him lie still and sleep;
She's thrown him in Our Lady's draw well,
  Was fifty fathom deep.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
  And a' the bairns came hame,
When every lady gat hame her son,
  The Lady Maisry gat nane.

She's ta'en her mantle her about,
  Her coffer by the hand;
And she's gane out to seek her son,
  And wander'd o'er the land.

She's doen her to the Jew's castell,
  Where a' were fast asleep;
"Gin ye be there, my sweet sir Hugh,
  I pray you to me speak."

She's doen her to the Jew's garden,
  Thought he had been gathering fruit;
"Gin ye be there, my sweet sir Hugh,
  I pray you to me speak."

She near'd Our Lady's deep draw-well,
  Was fifty fathom deep;
"Whare'er ye be, my sweet sir Hugh,
  I pray you to me speak."

"Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear;
  Prepare my winding sheet;
And, at the back o' merry Lincoln,
  The morn I will you meet."

Now lady Maisry is gane hame;
  Made him a winding sheet;
And, at the back o' merry Lincoln,
  The dead corpse did her meet.

And a' the bells o' merry Lincoln,
  Without men's hands were rung;
And a' the books o' merry Lincoln,
  Were read without man's tongue;
And ne'er was such a burial
  Sin Adam's days begun.

NOTE

ON

HUGH OF LINCOLN.

For instances of the unparalleled outrages committed upon the Jews, see the histories of the reign of Henry the Third, &c. *passim*, and Dr Tovey's "Anglia Judaica;" also the "Modern Universal History," vol. xxix. p. 312. where, in the account of the massacre of Alsace in Germany, under pretext of revenging the death of Jesus Christ, it is stated, that "the Jews themselves, driven to despair, augmented the horrour of the scene; for, rather than fall into the hands of such inhuman enemies, they made away with themselves, after having murdered their own wives and children, and concealed their riches, which they justly supposed had contributed to their disaster." In 1349, a dreadful plague, that ravaged the coasts of the Mediterranean, was imputed to the Jews. "At this juncture they were said to have poisoned the wells and fountains; and this extravagant notion prevailed to such a degree, that the Jews were put to the torture in Bonn and several other cities; and, though they still refused to own the imputed crime, a great number of those unfortunate wretches were poniarded, burnt, and drowned by the incensed populace; nor was it in the power of the civil magistrates to prevent such cruel sacrifices. At Stras-

burgh, the common people, under the conduct of a butcher, deposed the magistracy; and, investing their chief with absolute power, he ordered two thousand Jews to be burnt alive, confiscated their effects, and decreed, that no individual of that nation should be admitted into Strasburg for the term of one hundred years.

" Though the populace were the perpetrators of this inhuman tragedy, they were instigated and abetted by the bishop and several other noblemen, who owed considerable sums to the Jews, and took this method of discharging their debts; nor would they listen to any pacific terms, untill the emperour promised, in behalf of the sufferers, that the sums due to them should never be demanded." Mod. Un. Hist. vol. xxix. p. 331.

In (I have forgot what) country town in England, a poor Jew had fallen into a common sewer, and refused to be taken out because it was the sabbath-day; on which orders were given that he should not be suffered to come out next day, because it was Sunday; so he was suffocated to death!

Such treatment may easily enough account for, though it cannot justify, any enormity which persons, so outraged, might be guilty of.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

From a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland, for which I am indebted to the editor of the "Border Minstrelsy."

THE king sits in Dunfermlin town,
Sae merrily drinkin' the wine;
"Whare will I get a mariner,
Will sail this ship o' mine?"

Then, up bespak a bonny boy,
Sat just at the king's knee,
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sea-man,
That e'er set foot on sea."

The king has written a braid letter,
Seal'd it wi' his ain hand;
He has sent word to sir Patrick,
To come at his command.

"O wha is this, or wha is that,
Has tald the king o' me?
For I was never a good seaman,
Nor ever intend to be."

"Be't wind, be't weet, be't snaw, be't sleet,
Our ships maun sail the morn."
"Ever alack! my master dear,
For I fear a deadly storm *."

They mounted sail on Munenday morn,
Wi' a' the haste they may;
And they hae landed in Norraway,
Upon the Wednesday.

They hadna been a month, a month
In Norraway but three,
Till lads o' Norraway began to say,
"Ye spend a' our white monie."

"Ye spend a' our good kingis goud,
But and our queenis fee."
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,
Sae weel's I hear you lie;

* This stanza seems to have no business here.

"For I brought as much white money
As will gain my men and me;
I brought half a fou o' good red goud
Out o'er the sea with me."

"Be't wind or weet, be't snaw or sleet,
Our ships maun sail the morn."
"O ever alack! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

"I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll suffer harm."

They hadna sailed a league on sea,
A league but barely ane,
Till anchors brak, and tap-masts lap;
There came a deadly storm.

"Whare will I get a bonny boy
Will tak thir sails in hand;
That will gang up to the tap-mast,
See an he ken dry land?"

Laith, laith were our good Scots lords
To weet their leather shoon;
But or the morn, at fair day-light,
Their hats were wat aboon.

Mony was the feather bed,
That flotter'd on the faem;
And mony was the good Scots lord
Gaed awa that ne'er cam hame;
And mony was the fatherless bairn,
That lay at hame greetin'.

It's forty miles to Aberdeen,
And fifty fathoms deep;
And there lyes a' our good Scots lords,
Wi' sir Patrick at their feet.

The ladies wrang their hands sae white, *
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake o' their true loves,
For them they ne'er saw mair.

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* St. 17. l. 1. ran thus:

"The ladies crack't their fingers white."

Lang lang may our ladies stand
  Wi' their fans in their hand,
Ere they see sir Patrick and his men
  Come sailing to the land.

LORD RANDAL.

THE story of this ballad very much resembles that of "Little Musgrave and Lord Barnard." The common title is, "The Bonny Birdy." The first stanza is sung thus:

"There was a knight, on a summer's night,
Was riding o'er the lee, diddle;
And there he saw a bonny birdy
Was singing on a tree, diddle:
O wow for day, diddle!
And dear gin it were day!
Gin it were day, and I were away,
For I ha'ena lang time to stay."

In the text, the burden of *diddle* has been omitted; and the name of Lord Randal introduced, for the sake of distinction, and to prevent the ambiguity arising from "the knight," which is equally applicable to both.

The lines supplied to fill up chasms are inclosed within brackets.

LORD RANDAL.

LORD RANDAL wight, on a summer's night,
Was riding o'er the lee,
And there he saw a bonny birdie
Was singin' on a tree;

"O wow for day!
And dear gin it were day!
Gin it were day, and I were away,
For I ha'ena lang time to stay!

"Mak haste, mak haste, ye wicht baron;
What keeps ye here sae late?
Gin ye kent what was doing at hame,
I trow ye wad look blate.

"And O wow for day!
And dear gin it were day!
Gin it were day, and ye were away;
For ye ha'ena lang time to stay!"

"O, what needs I toil day and night,
My fair body to spill,
When I ha'e knichts at my command,
And ladies at my will?"

"O weel is he, ye wight baron,
Has the blear drawn o'er his e'e;
But your lady has a knight in her arms twa,
That she lo'es far better nor thee.

"And O wow for day!
And dear gin it were day!
Gin it were day, and ye were away;
For ye ha'ena lang time to stay!"

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye bonny birdie;
How you lie upon my sweet;
I will tak out my bonny bow,
And in troth I will you sheet."

"But afore ye ha'e your bow weel bent,
And a' your arrows yane,
I will flee till anither tree,
Whare I can better fare.

"And O wow for day,
And dear gin it were day!
Gin it were day, and I were away;
For I ha'ena lang time to stay!"

"O whare was ye gotten, and where was ye clecked,
My bonny birdie, tell me?"
"O, I was clecked in good green wood,
Intill a holly tree;
A baron sae bald my neat herried,
And ga'e me to his ladie.

"Wi' good white bread, and farrow-cow milk,
He bade her feed me aft;
And ga'e her a little wee summer-dale wandie,
To ding me sindle and saft.

"Wi' good white bread, and farrow-cow milk,
I wat she fed me nought;
But wi' a little wee summer-dale wandie,
She dang me sair and oft:—
Gin she had done as ye her bade,
I wadna tell how she has wrought.

"And O wow for day!
And dear gin it were day!
Gin it were day, and ye were away;
For ye ha'ena lang time to stay."

Lord Randal rade, and the birdie flew,
The live-lang summer's night,
Till he cam till his lady's bower-door,
Then even down he did light.
The birdie sat on the crap o' a tree,
And I wat it sang fu' dight:

"O wow for day!
And dear gin it were day!
Gin it were day, and I were away;
For I ha'ena lang time to stay!"

[The knight he lay in the lady's bower;
I ween he thoughtna lang,
Until gailie past the night, until
He heard the birdie's sang.]

"O wow for day!
And dear gin it were day!
Gin it were day, and ye were away;
For ye ha'ena lang time to stay!"

"Now Christ assoile me o' my sin,"
The fause knight he could say;
"It's nae for nought that the hawk whistles*;
And I wish that I were away!

"And O wow for day!
And dear gin it were day!
Gin it were day, and I were away;
For I ha'ena lang time to stay!"

"What needs ye lang for day,
And wish that ye were away?
Is na your hounds in my cellar
Eating white meal and gray?"

* This is a proverbial saying in Scotland.

" Yet, O wow for day!
And dear gin it were day!
Gin it were day, and I were away,
For I ha'ena lang time to stay!"

" Is na your horse in my stable,
Eating good corn and hay?
Is na your hawk on my perch tree,
Just perching for his prey?
And isna yoursel in my arms twa;
Then how can ye lang for day?"

[" Hark, hark! his prancing at the yate!
Lord Randal's steed I hear!"—
" It is but the butting of the red deer
Intill the park you fear."]

" Yet, O wow for day!
And dear gin it were day!
Gin it were day, and I were away,
For I ha'ena lang time to stay.

" Yet, O wow for day!
And dear gin it were day!
For he that's in bed wi' anither man's wife,
Has never lang time to stay."

[Lord Randal's steed he nicher'd loud,
And loud the birdie sang;
Swyth lap the knight frae the lady's arms,
And through the oriel sprang.]

Then out Lord Randal drew his brand,
And straiked it o'er a strae;
And through and through the fause knight's waste
He gar'd cald iron gae;
And I hope ilk ane sall sae be serv'd,
That treats an honest man sae!

NOTES

ON

LORD RANDAL.

Since transcribing the above for the press, the following copy of the popular ballad of " Little Musgrave and Lord Barnard" has been received from Scotland. The editor has heard it repeated, with very little variation, both in Morayshire and in the southern counties.

LORD BARNABY.

" I have a tower in Dalisberry, *
Which now is dearly dight,
And I will gie it to young Musgrave
To lodge wi' me a' night."

" To lodge wi' thee a' night, fair lady,
Wad breed baith sorrow and strife;
For I see by the rings on your fingers,
You're good lord Barnaby's wife."

* Bucklesfordbury.

"Lord Barnaby's wife although I be,
Yet what is that to thee?
For we'll beguile him for this ae night—
He's on to fair Dundee.

"Come here, come here, my little foot-page,
This gold I will give thee,
If ye will keep thir secrets close
'Tween young Musgrave and me.

"But here I hae a little pen-knife,
Hings low down by my gare;
Gin ye winna keep thir secrets close,
Ye'll find it wonder sair."

Then she's ta'en him to her chamber,
And down in her arms lay he:
The boy coost aff his hose and shoon,
And ran to fair Dundee.

When he cam to the wan water,
He slack'd† his bow and swam;
And when he cam to growin grass,
Set down his feet and ran.

And when he cam to fair Dundee,
Wad neither chap nor ca';
But set his brent bow to his breast,
And merrily jump'd the wa'.

"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
Waken, and come away!"—
"What ails, what ails my wee foot page,
He cries sae lang ere day.

† For *slack'd* read *bent*.

"O, is my bowers brent, my boy?
Or is my castle won?
Or has the lady that I lo'e best
Brought me a daughter or son?"

"Your ha's are safe, your bowers are safe,
And free frae all alarms;
But, oh! the lady that ye lo'e best
Lies sound in Musgrave's arms."

"Gae saddle to me the black," he cried;
"Gae saddle to me the gray;
Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed,
To hie me on my way."

"O lady, I heard a wee horn toot,
And it blew wonder clear;
And ay the turning o' the note,
Was, 'Barnaby will be here!'

"I thought I heard a wee horn blaw,
And it blew loud and high;
And ay at ilka turn it said,
'Away, Musgrave, away!'

"Lie still, my dear; lie still, my dear;
Ye keep me frae the cold;
For it is but my father's shepherds
Driving their flocks to the fold."

Up they lookit, and down they lay,
And they're fa'en sound asleep;
Till up stood good lord Barnaby,
Just close at their bed feet.

"How do you like my bed, Musgrave?
And how like ye my sheets?
And how like ye my fair lady,
Lies in your arms and sleeps?"

"Weel like I your bed, my lord,
And weel like I your sheets;
But ill like I your fair lady,
Lies in my arms and sleeps.

"You got your wale o' se'en sisters,
And I got mine o' five;
Sae tak ye mine, and I's tak thine,
And we nae mair sall strive."

"O, my woman's the best woman
That ever brak world's bread;
And your woman's the worst woman
That ever drew coat o'er head.

"I hae twa swords in ae scabbert,
They are baith sharp and clear;
Tak ye the best, and I the warst,
And we'll end the matter here.

"But up, and arm thee, young Musgrave,
We'll try it han' to han';
It's ne'er be said o' lord Barnaby,
He strack at a naked man."

The first straik that young Musgrave got,
It was baith deep and sair;
And down he fell at Barnaby's feet,
And word spak never mair.

* * * *

"A grave, a grave!" lord Barnaby cried,
"A grave to lay them in;
My lady shall lie on the sunny side,
Because of her noble kin."

But oh, how sorry was that good lord,
For a' his angry mood,
Whan he beheld his ain young son
All welt'ring in his blood!

Of all the editions, both black-letter and modern, of this piece, which the editor has met with, the best (with the exception of a few typographical errors) seems to be that which is found in "Wit Restored," p. 174, where it is called, "The *Old* Ballad of Little Musgrave," &c. In that collection, which was printed in 1658, it begins thus:

"As it fell, one holy day, hay downe,
As many be in the yeare,
When young men and maids together did goe,
Their mattins and masses to heare," &c.

From that Miscellany it seems to have been adopted, along with one or two others, but without much scrupulous exactness, into Dryden's Miscellanies.

In the Scotish copy, the stanza that describes the manner of the lady's death seems to have been left out through mistake by the *transcriber;* as it is hardly probable that the *reciter* had forgot so material a part of the tragedy, the effect of which is very much heightened by the pitiable circumstance alluded to in the last stanza, and which the reader is prepared to expect by the question of lord Barnaby, in stanza 10.:

"Or has the lady that I lo'e best,
Brought me a daughter or son?"

In stanza 8. line 3. the term "*braid* bow" has been altered by the editor into "*brent* bow," i. e. *straight*, or *unbent* bow. In most of the old ballads, where a *page* is employed as the bearer of a message, we are told, that,

"When he came to wan water,
He *bent* his bow and swam;"

And

"He set his *bent* bow to his breast,
And lightly lap the wa'," &c.

The application of the term *bent*, in the latter instance, does not seem correct, and is probably substituted for *brent*.

In the establishment of a feudal baron, every thing wore a military aspect; he was a warrior by profession; every man attached to him, particularly those employed about his person, was a soldier; and his *little foot-page* was very appropriately equipped in the light accoutrements of an *archer*. His *bow*, in the old ballad, seems as inseparable from his character as the *bow* of Cupid or of Apollo, or the *caduceus* of his celestial prototype Mercury. This *bow*, which he carried *unbent*, he seems to have *bent* when he had occasion to swim, in order that he might the more easily carry it in his teeth, to prevent the string from being injured, by getting wet. At other times, he availed himself of its length and elasticity in the *brent*, or *straight* state, and used it (as hunters do a leaping pole) in vaulting over the wall of the outer court of a castle, when his business would not admit of the tedious formality of blowing a horn, or ringing a bell, and holding a long parley with the porter at the gate, before he could gain admission. This at least, appears to the editor to be the meaning of these passages in the old ballads.

LAMKIN.*

It's Lamkin was a mason good,
As ever built wi' stane;
He built lord Wearie's castle,
But payment got he nane.

"O pay me, lord Wearie;
Come, pay me my fee."
"I canna pay you, Lamkin,
For I maun gang o'er the sea."

"O pay me now, lord Wearie;
Come, pay me out o' hand."
"I canna pay you, Lamkin,
Unless I sell my land."

* This piece was transmitted to the editor by Mrs Brown; and is much more perfect and uniform than the copy printed in the Edinburgh Collection, edited by Mr Herd.

"O, gin ye winna pay me,
I here sall mak a vow,
Before that ye come hame again,
Ye sall ha'e cause to rue."

Lord Wearie got a bonny ship,
To sail the saut sea faem;
Bade his lady weel the castle keep,
Ay till he should come hame.

But the nourice was a fause limmer,
As e'er hung on a tree;
She laid a plot wi' Lamkin,
Whan her lord was o'er the sea.

She laid a plot wi' Lamkin,
When the servants were awa';
Loot him in at a little shot window,
And brought him to the ha'.

"O, whare's a' the men o' this house,
That ca' me Lamkin?"
"They're at the barnwell thrashing,
'Twill be lang ere they come in."

"And whare's the women o' this house,
That ca' me Lamkin?"
"They're at the far well washing;
'Twill be lang ere they come in."

"And whare's the bairns o' this house,
That ca' me Lamkin?"
"They're at the school reading;
'Twill be night or they come hame."

"O, whare's the lady o' this house,
That ca's me Lamkin?"
"She's up in her bower sewing,
But we soon can bring her down."

Then Lamkin's tane a sharp knife,
That hang down by his gaire,
And he has gi'en the bonny babe
A deep wound and a sair.

Then Lamkin he rocked,
And the fause nourice sang,
Till frae ilkae bore o' the cradle
The red blood out sprang.

Then out it spak the lady,
As she stood on the stair,
"What ails my bairn, nourice,
That he's greeting sae sair?

"O still my bairn, nourice;
O still him wi' the pap!"
"He winna still, lady,
For this, nor for that."

"O, still my bairn, nourice;
O, still him wi' the wand!"
"He winna still, lady,
For a' his father's land."

"O, still my bairn, nourice;
O, still him wi' the bell!"
"He winna still, lady,
Till ye come down yoursel."

O, the firsten step she steppit,
She steppit on a stane;
But the neisten step she steppit,
She met him, Lamkin.

" O mercy, mercy, Lamkin!
Ha'e mercy upon me!
Though you've ta'en my young son's life,
Ye may let mysel be."

" O, sall I kill her, nourice?
Or sall I lat her be?"
" O, kill her, kill her, Lamkin,
For she ne'er was good to me."

" O scour the bason, nourice,
And mak it fair and clean,
For to keep this lady's heart's blood,
For she's come o' noble kin."

" There need nae bason, Lamkin;
Lat it run through the floor;
What better is the heart's blood
O' the rich than o' the poor."

But ere three months were at an end,
Lord Wearie came again;
But dowie dowie was his heart
When first he came hame.

"O, wha's blood is this," he says,
"That lies in the châmer?"
"It is your lady's heart's blood;
'Tis as clear as the lamer."

"And wha's blood is this," he says,
"That lies in my ha'?"
"It is your young son's heart's blood;
'Tis the clearest ava."

O, sweetly sang the black-bird
That sat upon the tree;
But sairer grat Lamkin,
When he was condemn'd to die.

And bonny sang the mavis
Out o' the thorny brake;
But sairer grat the nourice,
When she was tied to the stake.

A

BALLAD

ON

THE DEATH OF QUEEN JANE,

MOTHER TO

EDWARD VI. OF ENGLAND.

From two Fragments; one transmitted from Arbroath, and another from Edinburgh.

QUEEN JEANY has travel'd for three days and more,
Till the ladies were weary, and quite gave her o'er.
"O ladies, O ladies, do this thing for me,
To send for king Henry to come and see me."

King Henry was sent for, and sat by her bed-side:
"Why weep you, queen Jeany, your eyes are so red?"
"O Henry, O Henry, do this one thing for me;
Let my side straight be open'd, and save my babie."

"O Jeany, O Jeany, this never will do;
It will leese thy sweet life, and thy young babie too."
She wept and she wailed, till she fell in a swoon:
Her side it was opened, the babie was found.

Prince Edward was christened with joy and with mirth;
But the flower of fair England lies cold in the earth.
O black was king Henry, and black were his men,
And black was the steed that king Henry rode on.

And black were the ladies, and black were their fans,
And black were the gloves that they wore on their hands,
And black were the ribbands they wore on their heads,
And black were the pages, and black were the maids.

* * * * * * *

The trumpets they sounded, the cannons did roar;
But the flower of fair England shall flourish no more.

*** Among the miscellanies of queen Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. (F. 20—13), in the Antiquaries' Library, is "An epitaph upon the Deth of Kyng Edward," which begins thus:

A newe pleasure,
Gone is our treasure,
Morning mai be our mirth;
For Edward, our King,
That rose did spring,
Is vaded, and lyeth in earth.

Therefore morne we may,
Both night and day,
And in hart we may be ful sad;
Sence Brute came in,
Or at any time sence [sin?]
The like treasure we never had.

But Death, with his darte,
Hath pearced the harte
Of that prince most excellent:
The childe new borne
May lament and morne,
And for the death of him repent.

Gone is our joy,
Our sport, and our play;
Our comfort is turned to care;
To Englandes great cost,
The jewel we have lost,
That with all Christendom might compare.
&c. &c. &c.

BONNY BEE-HO'M.

THIS fragment is given *verbatim* from Mrs Brown's MS. The title of Bonny Bee-Ho'm, and the enchanted ring and girdle, struck the editor's fancy; and he immediately set about filling up the chasms, with an intention of finishing the piece in the same style. But cares, of a very different nature, interrupted him, and he has never since felt any inclination to resume the subject.

The circumstance of the ring has been finely imitated by Dr Leyden, in his exquisite tale of the "Maid of Colonsay," in the third volume of the Border Minstrelsy. Such devices frequently occur in the old romances, and seem to be of oriental derivation. Of many examples, which might be adduced, take the following from the "Geste of Kyng Horn," l. 559.

Knyght, y may yleve the,
Why ant thou trewe be;
Have her this *gold ring*,
Hit is ful god to thi dobbyng,
Ygraved is on the rynge
Rymenild thy luef the ynge;
Nis no betere under sonne,
That eny mon of conne;
For mi love thou hit were,
And on thi fynger thou hit bere;
The ston haveth suche grace
Ne shalt thou in-non place
Deth underfonge,
Ne buen yslaye with wronge,
Yef thou lokest theran,
And thenchest o' thi lemman:
And sire Athulf, thi brother,
He shal han en other.

From stanza 7 to stanza 17 inclusive, is an interpolation by the editor. They are included within brackets.

BONNY BEE-HO'M.

"By Arthur's dale as late I went,
I heard a heavy moan;
I heard a lady lamenting sair,
And ay she cried, 'Ohon!'

"Ohon, alas! what shall I do,
Tormented night and day?
I never loved a love but ane,
And now he's gone away.

"But I will do for my true love
What ladies would think sair;
For seven years shall come and gae,
Ere a kaime gae in my hair.

"There shall neither a shoe gae on my foot
Nor a kaime gae in my hair,
Nor ever a coal or candle light
Shine in my bower nae mair *."

She thought her love had been on sea,
Fast sailing to Bee-Ho'm;
But he was still in a quiet chamber
Hearing his lady's moan.

"Be hush'd, be hush'd, my lady dear;
I pray thee moan not so;
For I am deep sworn on a book
To Bee-Ho'm for to go.

---

* In a fragment in Mr Herd's Collection, vol. ii. p. 2. the following stanza occurs:

"There shall neither coif come on my head,
Nor comb come in my hair;
There shall neither coal nor candle light
Shine in my bower nae mair.

"Nor will I love another love,
Untill the day I die;
For I never loved a love but one,
And he's drowned in the sea."

[" But be I here, or be I there,
A landwart, or at sea,
By Arthur Bank, and Arthur Burn,
My heart's true hame shall be.

" For thou, my early, only love,
My latest, dearest care,
Frae my leal heart shall never part,
Whereso that I may fare."

" But oh! Bee-Ho'm is bonny," she says,
" And ladies fair and free,
Are there fu' mony a ane, to win
Thy dear lo'e'd heart frae me.

" Bee-Ho'm is bonny, bonny, my love,
Whan the sun shines on the tree;
And jellily dance the damsels,
Blythe-blinkin' in your ee.

" And Bee-Ho'm is merry and gay, my love,
When the lights shine in the ha';
And love's sweet wiles and ladies' smiles
Drive the dull hours awa'.

"But oh! in the weary winter, than
I'll be far distant here;
And ye will need their winsome blinks
The langsome night to chear."

"O fearna, fearna, dearest mine,
Nor mak sic dowie chear;
By Arthur Bank my heart shall bide,
And Arthur Burn sae clear.

"The beauties of my Arthur Bank
I'll fancy in Bee-Ho'm;
And whan the bonniest maiden smiles,
Thou to my thought will come.

"And ever to my wakerife sense
Thy form will present be;
And ever when I sleep, my saul
Flee to the bower to thee.

"And chear thee up, my love sae leal,
(And kist her cheek and chin)
Whare'er I fare, or here or there,
My heart wi' thee shall win."

" O blissins on my ain dear lord,
  Was ay sae kind to me;
Though sair my heart, sin we maun part,
  My blissin' gang you wi'."]

She's gien him a chain o' the beaten goud,
  And a ring with a ruby stone;
" As lang as this chain your body binds,
  Your blood can never be drawn.

" But gin this ring should fade or fail,
  Or the stone should change its hue,
Be sure your love is dead and gone,
  Or she has proved untrue.

* * * * *

He had not been at bonny Bee-Ho'm
  A twelvemonth and a day,
Till, looking on his gay gold ring,
  The stone grew dark and gray.

" O, ye tak my riches to Bee-Ho'm,
  And deal them presentlie,
To the young that canna, the ald that manna,
  The blind that downa see.

Now Death has come intill his bower,
And split his heart in twain;
Sae their twa sauls flew up to heaven,
And there shall ever remain.

LORD KENNETH

AND

FAIR ELLINOUR.

In August, 1799, the editor, to save the trouble of transcribing, and, at the same time, shew a few of his literary correspondents how he was employing his leisure hours, got a few copies of this little piece printed along with "Donul and Evir," on a sheet of letter-paper, for the convenience of being sent by the post. To that copy was prefixed this short notice: "The author remembers having, when a child, heard a silly ditty of a young man, who, returning homeward from shooting with his gun, saw his sweetheart, and *shot her for a swan*. This is all he remembers of this piece, of which he has not been able to procure a copy." A considerable time after, he was favoured with the rude original of "Peggy Baun," (*i. e.* fair-haired Peggy) by his much-valued friend, professor Scott, of King's College, Aberdeen, to whose zeal, industry, and politeness, he owes, either directly or indirectly, the greater part of the best traditionary ballads in this collec-

tion. It was taken from the recitation of one of his maid-servants; and, indeed, it is fit only for the nursery. In it, the unlucky sportsman runs home to his father, and tells him what he has done, and that he will "run his country."

Out spak his old father,
(His head it was grey)
"O, keep your ain country,
My son," he did say.

"O, keep your ain country;
Let your trial come on, &c.
* * * * *

She appeared to her uncle,
And to him said she,
"O uncle, dear uncle,
Jamie Warick is free.

"Ye'll neither hang him nor head him,
Nor do him any wrong;
Be kind to my darling,
Now since I am gone.

"For once as I was walking,
It fell a shower of rain;
I went under the hedging,
The rain for to shun.

"As he was a-hunting,
With his dog and his gun,
By my white apron,
He took me for a swan."

This seems to be one of the very lowest description of vulgar modern English ballads, which are sung about the streets in country towns, and sold, four or five for a half-

penny, to maid-servants and children; and I owe an apology to my readers for attempting to introduce such paltry stuff to their notice; but one of my classical friends, on reading "Lord Kenneth," asked me whether I had not Ovid's beautiful and romantic story of Procris and Aura in my eye, when I wrote it. Had that been the case, I ought certainly to have made something better of it than I have done; but I most assuredly thought as little of Procris and Aura, when I was writing "Lord Kenneth," as did the great author of "Peggy Baun." A lover killing his mistress, a grey-headed old father, and a ghost, seemed very fine things to a child of five or six years old; and I remembered the story long after I had forgot the terms in which it was conveyed.

LORD KENNETH

AND

FAIR ELLINOUR.

Lord Kenneth, in a gay mornin',
  Pat on the goud and green;
And never had a comlier youth
  Don, Spey, or Lossie seen.

He's greathit him fu' gallantlie,
  Wi' a' his tackle yare;
Syne, like a baron bauld and free,
  To gude green wood can fare.

The rae-buck startit frae his lair
  The girsie hows amang;
But ne'er his sleekie marrow fand,
  An Kenneth's bow mat twang.

Frae out the haslie holt the deer
  Sprang glancing thro' the schaw;
But little did their light feet boot,
  An he his bow mat draw.

The caiper-caillie and tarmachin
  Craw'd crouse on hill and muir;
But mony a gorie wing or e'en
  Shaw'd Kenneth's flane was sure.

He shot them east, he shot them west,
  The black cock and the brown;
He shot them on hill, moss, and muir,
  Till the sun was gangin' down.

He shot them up, he shot them down,
  The deer but and the rae;
And he has scour'd the gude green wood
  Till to-fall o' the day.

The quarry till his menyie he
  Has gie'n herewith to bear;
Syne, lanelie by the lover's lamp,
  Thro' frith and fell can fare.

And blythe he fure, and merrilie;
I wate he thocht na lang,
While o' his winsome Ellinour
With lightsome heart he sang.

And weel he mat, for Ellinour
Had set the bride-ale day;
And Ellinour had ne'er a feer
In Bad'nach or Strathspey.

And as he near'd her bigly bower,
The fainer ay he grew;
The primrose bank, the burn, the bield,
Whare they had been to view.

And he had passed the birken heugh,
And clipt and kist the tree,
That heard the blushing Ellinour
Consent his bride to be.

And now he raught the glassie lin,
And thro' the saughs sae grey;
He saw what kithed a milk-white swan,
That there did sport and play.

Fair swell'd her bosom o'er the broo,
As driven snaw to see ;—
He shot—o'er true to Kenneth's hand,
The deadly flane did flee!

A shriek he heard ; and swithe a graen
Sank gugglin in the wave!
Aghast, he ran, he sprang, he wist
Nor what nor wha to save!

But oh! the teen o' Kenneth's heart,
What tongue can mind to tell?
He drew the dead corse to the strand ;
'Twas Ellinour hersell!

FAIR HELEN

OF

KIRKCONNEL-LEE.

THE romantic and affecting story of Fair Helen of Kirkconnel, may be found detailed at large in "Pennant's Tour in Scotland," vol. ii. p. 101; in Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland," vol. xiii. p. 275; in Ritson's "Scotish Songs," vol. i. p. 145; and in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," vol. i. p. 89. These publications deserve so well to be known, and are so well known, that it were needless to repeat any more of the tradition here than is hinted in the text of the ballad.

The copy, now presented to the reader, is from the Statistical Account above referred to, which was the first that fell into the editor's hands, and of which alone he availed himself in an attempt to embellish this story, which he made a good many years ago, and has now subjoined.

After the beautiful and pathetic song by Mr Pinkerton,† *(O, si sic omnia!)* some apology may be deemed necessary for thus presuming to solicit the attention of the public to a subsequent production on the subject.

It never was the intention of the present writer to enter the lists as a poetical competitor with Mr Pinkerton. The merit to which he aspired was of a different kind; and if he has at all attained what he aimed at, it were invidious to weigh him in a balance not adjusted according to his own standard. Mr Pinkerton's song, although exquisite in itself, is neither Scotish, nor adapted to the legitimate air, which is very pathetic; and, notwithstanding it is said to be from tradition, it contains only two lines of those which have been handed down to us as original; nor is the most interesting circumstance, that of Helen having been killed in attempting to save her lover, at all hinted at. The original owes its pathos and effect chiefly to the subject, and in no small degree to its natural simplicity and want of variety. In real grief, such as that which is there described, there is a monotony, which poets, who write at their leisure and at their ease, are too apt to endeavour to avoid, instead of imitating; but nothing can be more affecting, than the strong impression which remains upon the imagination of the unfortunate lover, of the last fatal scene, with all its horrid circumstances, which are ever before his eyes; and his ardent aspirations after that peace which she now en-

† See "Tragic Ballads," p. 109.

joys, and which he can hope for only with her in the tomb.

Yet with all these advantages, the composition is certainly in some instances mean, and unworthy both of the subject and of the air to which it has given name and celebrity. It was therefore imagined, that it might not be unacceptable to the lovers of Scotish melody and song, to have an elegy in the Scotish dialect, as nearly as might be in the manner of the original, and containing every line that was worth preserving, and as little as possible of what was exceptionable. How far that, which is now to be produced, may be found to answer this description, every one will decide for himself; that it was well meant, few, it is hoped, will question.

FAIR HELEN

OF

KIRKCONNEL-LEE.

Curst be the hand that shot the shot,
Likewise the gun that gave the crack;
Into my arms bird Helen lap,
And died for sake of me.
O thinkna ye my heart was sair!
My love sunk down, and spak nae mair;
There did she swoon wi' miekle care,
On fair Kirconnel-lee.

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
I cutted him in pieces sma';
I cutted him in pieces sma'
On fair Kirconnel-lee.
O Helen chaste, thou wert modest,
Were I with thee, I would be blest,
Where thou liest low, and art at rest,
On fair Kirconnel-lee.

O Helen, fair without compare!
I'll wear a garland of thy hair
Shall cover me for evermair,
  Until the day I die.
I wish I were where I have been,
Embracing of my love Helen:
At Venus' games we've been right keen
  On fair Kirkconnel-lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding sheet put o'er my een,
And I in Helen's arms lyin'
  On fair Kirkconnel-lee!
I wish I were where Helen lies,
Where night and day on me she cries;
I wish I were where Helen lies
  On fair Kirkconnel-lee!

FAIR HELEN

OF

KIRKCONNEL-LEE.

BY THE EDITOR.

I WISH I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
O, gin I were where Helen lies,
In fair Kirkconnel-lee!
Tho' past five years o' heavy care
Sin' she was lost for evermair,
Her image in this breast I bear,
And will do till I die.

The flowery bank, the burn, the shaw,
What heart-felt bliss they umwhile saw,
Whan love to love, and faith, ga'e a'
The tender heart could gi'e!
O, were in that ance happy shade
This aching head again but laid,
Where now she's lown amang the dead,
In fair Kirkconnel-lee!

Curst was the hand that wrought the ill,
And curst was he her blood did spill;
My arms bird Helen lap intill,
And died for sake o' me.
O, thinkna but my heart was sair!
Whan I should been the victim there,
My love fell down, and spak nae mair
On fair Kirkconnel-lee.

I started up, my 'glaive I drew,
The felon I in pieces hew;—
But oh! tho' it was revenge for you,
'Twas sma' solace to me;
For, Helen, thou'rt for ever gane,
And in this warld I stand alane,
And maun be, till to thee I'm ta'en
In fair Kirkconnel-lee.

Calm is thy breast, O Helen chaste!
Gin I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou liest laigh, and art at rest
In fair Kirkconnel-lee!
But rest or joy for me is nane,
While far awa' I sich and mane,
Till laid by thy dear side again
In fair Kirkconnel-lee.

" O gin wi' thee, regretted maid!
I in the mools at saught were laid,
And the green truff closed o'er my head,
  On fair Kirkconnel-lee!
I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;—
O, gin I were where Helen lies,
  In fair Kirkconnel-lee!

THE

MER-MAN,

AND

MARSTIG'S DAUGHTER.

Translated from the Danish.---See Kæmpe Viser. ed. 1695, *p.* 759.

In the translations of "The Mer-man," "Sir Oluf," and "Elfer Hill," I have shewn no ambition to rival Mr Lewis. The branch of the Tree of Knowledge, with which that gentleman has presented his readers, bears *aurea, non sua, poma.* It is my purpose to offer it to my countrymen as nearly as possible in the exact state in which it grew amid the rocks of Norway, and in the vallies of Jutland. I have therefore endeavoured to do for these ballads no more than seems to have been done in "The North Countrie" for such tales as the Cimbri left behind them, or composed, in that quarter. I have merely adapted their dialect to the usage of the day. This seems to me to be the

proper manner of Albinizing Scandinavian poetry. Let Regner Lodbrog still drink his *ale, to sweel his halse, out of a harn-shell*; for a goblet of cut glass would be out of character in so robust a hand.

So scrupulous have I been in faithfully rendering these pieces, that I have commonly preserved most of the original words, with only a slight alteration of the orthography, and sometimes of the arrangement; so that my version may be nearly as intelligible to a Dane or Swede, as to a Scotsman. Nor have I the least apprehension, that this affirmation will provoke any judicious and liberal critic to be witty at the expence of my perspicuity. No one, that has not a radical knowledge of the Scotish dialect, can be a fair and competent judge in this case; and those who have, will, I flatter myself, easily comprehend all I have written; and, if they have never made the Cimbric language the subject of particular attention, they will be surprised to find, that, after such a series of years and of events, it has undergone so little change as it has done in Scotland.

I am sensible that some little stiffness may be observed in the translations; but that was unavoidable, as I studied to illustrate, and not to embellish. As the occasional irregularities of the measure, and inaccuracies of the rhymes, are studiously copied from the originals, I hope they will bring no unfavourable imputation upon my taste, judgement, or industry.

THE

MER-MAN,

AND

MARSTIG'S DAUGHTER.

"Now rede me, dear mither, a sonsy rede;
A sonsy rede swythe rede to me,
How Marstig's daughter I may fa',
My love and lemman gay to be."

She's made him a steed o' the clear water;
A saddle and bridle o' sand made she;
She's shap'd him into a knight sae fair,
Syne into Mary's kirk-yard rade he.

He's tied his steed to the kirk-stile,
Syne wrang-gaites round the kirk gaed he;
When the Mer-Man entered the kirk-door,
Awa the sma' images turned their e'e.

The priest afore the altar stood:
"O what for a gude knight may this be?"
The may leugh till hersell, and said,
"God gif that gude knight were for me!"

The Mer-man he stept o'er ae deas,
And he has steppit over three:
"O maiden, pledge me faith and troth!
O Marstig's daughter, gang wi' me!"

And she raught out her lily hand,
And pledged it to the knight sae free:
"Hae; there's my faith and troth, sir knight,
And willingly I'll gang wi' thee."

Out frae the kirk gaed the bridal train,
And on they danced wi' fearless glee:
And down they danced unto the strand,
Till twasome now alane they be:
"O Marstig's daughter, haud my steed,
And the bonniest ship I'll bigg for thee."

And whan they came to the white sand,
To shore the sma' boats turning came;
And whan they came to the deep water,
The maiden sank in the saut sea faem.

The shriek she shriek'd amang the waves
Was heard far up upo' the land:
" I rede gude ladies, ane and a',
They dance wi' nae sic unca man."

NOTES

ON

THE MER-MAN.

P. 210. v. 3. "*wrang gaites;*" in the Dan. *avet om*, i. e. *wrong-ways about*. This may signify either *backward*, or what the Scots call *widdershins*, in a direction contrary to the apparent motion of the sun; a kind of motion of mighty efficacy in all incantations.

P. 211. v. 1. "*leugh till hersel;*" in the orig. *smiler under skind*, i. e. smiled under *her covering*, or dress; a form of speech constantly occurring in the Danish ballads, as does *unther weed*, and *unther kell*, &c. in the old English romances.

P. 211. v. 2. "Deas;" in the Dan. *stole*, which, among other things, denominates a *pew* in church, which, in the north of Scotland, is still called a *deas;* as is also the long *settle*, or *sittee*, commonly met with in old farm-houses in England and Scotland. *Deas* was, perhaps, at first, only a corruption of the Latin *sedes*, a seat.

I remember having seen in the hall of the ruined castle of Elan Stalker, in the district of Appin, an old oaken deas, which was so contrived as to serve for a sittee; at meal-times the

back was turned over, rested upon the arms, and became a table; and at night the seat was raised up, and displayed a commodious bed for four persons, two and two, feet to feet, to sleep in.

I was told, that this kind of deas was formerly common in the halls of great houses, where such œconomy, with respect to bed-room, was very necessary.

P 212. v. 1. "They dance," &c. in the orig. "They dance not with *much pride*;" i. e. be not so fond of shewing off their fine dancing, as to let their heels run away with their heads, and get beyond their depth, as Marstig's daughter did.—"*I rede gude ladies, ane and a'*," not to forget this!

"These mer-men," says the editor of the *K. Viser*, "who were formerly said to carry off people and drown them, were called *Nycker*. But, through the knowledge of the Gospel, such goblins disappear ay more and more, so that people now hear nothing of them."

This mer-man, who so slyly *nick'd* Marstig's daughter, cannot, with propriety, be deemed a water-king, water-sprite, or water-fiend. Although an inhabitant of the waters, he was not the sole lord of the element; and although mer-men and mer-women were endowed with long life and supernatural powers, their substance was neither aërial nor aqueous. Their power of assuming different forms, was no more than is enjoyed by every old woman, who can turn herself into a cat or a magpie. *Danish ballad* authority is all that we are concerned with at present; and if *that* may be admitted, they were of flesh and blood like men, with human feelings and affections; and their malignity was chiefly experienced by those, who either slighted their love, or provoked their resentment. That they were often friendly to mankind, and that, even when grossly injured, they were not always, in the opinion of their historians, destitute of principle and honour, will appear from the following legends.

The Hero Hogen, ("K. Viser," p. 55.) setting out on an expedition, as he is about to step on board, finds a mer-maid

sleeping on the beech. He wakes her, flatters her, calls her a fair and lovely female, and sooth-saying woman; and requests her to *spae* his fortune. She gives him very sensible and friendly advice to avoid his fate, but dissuades him from his intended expedition, *dira canens fata*, if he persists. Enraged and disappointed, he draws his sword, and strikes off her head. The bloody head rolls into the water, the body crawls after, and they are united again at the bottom of the sea. The event verifies her predictions.

Proud Ellen-lille, ("K. Viser," p. 161.) the king of Iceland's daughter, was stolen away from her mother. A ship was built, and Young Roland, her youngest brother, sets out in search of her. After sailing eight years, the ship founders in a storm, and all are drowned except Young Roland, who lands on a green island, where was a castle, in which he finds his sister. She tells him, if he had a hundred and a thousand lives, they will all be lost when the mer-man Rosmer comes in. Young Roland hides himself in a corner.

Rosmer hame frae Zealand came,
And he *took on* to bann;
"I smell fu' well, by my right hand,
That here is a Christian man!"

"There flew a craw out o'er the house,
Wi' a man's leg in his mouth;
He coost it in, and *I* coost it out,
As fast as e'er I couth."

But wilyly she can Rosmar win,
And clapping him tenderlie:
"It's here is come my sister's son;
Gin I lose him, I'll die!

"It's here is come my sister's son,
Frae baith our father's land:
My lord, I've gi'en him faith and troth,
That ye will not him bann."

" And is he come, thy sister-son,
Frae thy father's land to thee ?
Then I will swear my highest aith,
He's dree nae skaith frae me."

Rosmer takes the poor shivering shipwrecked Roland on his knee, dandles him like a baby before the fire, and *claps* him till he is black and blue. Fear keeps Young Roland quiet; but Ellen interferes, to prevent the consequences of such clumsy kindness, and tells Rosmer to " remember that he has not small fingers, to *clap* so little a child." Rosmer desists; and Young Roland lives very happily in the castle during two years, at the end of which Proud Ellen finds herself with child by him. It would seem that no sexual intercourse subsisted between Ellen and the gigantic mer-man with the great fingers, or that such intercourse could not be productive; for she entertains the most terrible apprehensions from Rosmer's wrath when her situation is discovered. To avoid this, she tells the mer-man, (who appears to have been an unsuspecting, good-natured sort of a devil, and much the best Christian of the three,) that her nephew is tired of living so long in the sea, and longs to return to his country; and persuades the complaisant Hafmand to give him a chest full of gold, in which she afterwards secrets herself, and carry him to the land, Rosmer Hafmand takes " young Roland under his arm, and the chest in his mouth," and sets them down on their native coast. Young Roland now tells him, that, as he is such a good fellow, and has given him a chest of gold, and carried him back to his country, he will tell him as a piece of news, that Proud Ellen is with bairn. Rosmer is furiously enraged, and swears, that if he had not pledged his oath for his safety, he would drown him. " Rosmer sprang into the sea, and dashed the water up to the sky." When he returned to his castle, and found that Ellen was gone, " the tears ran, like a stream, down his cheeks;" and, through grief and amazement, he became (*poetically*, I suppose,) " a whin-stane grey, and stood an insensible object."

Such is the outline of the story of three different ballads in the " Kæmpe Viser," on the subject of Rosmer Hafmand, which I in-

tend to translate; as well as three concerning Hero Hogen, and the Mer-woman; and two or three in which the Gam, Valrafn, and Verner Rafn, are introduced. Of these I mean to get a few copies printed for the curious, with such illustrations as I can procure.

It may be observed, that there is a striking resemblance between the story of Rosmer Hafmand, and the romance of Child Rowland (not yet entirely lost in Scotland), which is quoted by *Mad Tom* in Shakespeare:

> " Child Rowland to the dark tower came—
> [*The Fairy comes in.*
> With fi, fi, fo, and fum!
> I smell the blood of a British man!
> Be he dead, be he living, wi' my brand
> I'll clash his harns frae his harn-pan!"

The British story is much finer, in every respect, than the Danish; and the conduct of Child Rowland (the youngest son of King Arthur of merry Carlisle,) much more honourable and manly than that of his Icelandic namesake. Instead of creeping into a corner to hide himself, he starts upon his legs, draws his father's good sword Excalibar, (or, as the Scots not very improperly recite it, his father's gude claymore), and exclaims, " Strike then, bogle of hell, if thou darest!" A short, but furious combat ensues, and the elf-king is felled to the ground. Child Rowland spares him, on condition that he will liberate his sister, Fair Ellen, and restore to life his two elder brothers, who lie dead in a corner of the hall: so they all four return in triumph to merry Carlisle. The failure of the two elder brothers was owing to their not having strictly observed the instructions given them by Myrddin Wyldt, whom they had consulted.

But of this romance I shall speak more at large, when I set about illustrating the story of Rosmer Hafmand.

As to the Danish term *Nycke*, I have long been of opinion, that both the Scotish and Danish *Nick* was originally no more than a playful abbreviation of the Latin *Niger*, which has for

many ages been understood all over Europe to mean, *a black.* Ainsworth has derived the Latin, in his usual way, from the Greek νικρος, *mortuus; mortui enim nigrescunt:* but this seems to be ὑστερον προτερον, putting the cart before the horse. The Greek is more likely to have been derived from νικη, *strife, war,* and νικυς and νικρος, like the Latin *necatus,* most probably at first signified a person that had died by violence. Be this as it may, it appears that the appellation of Nick, applied indiscriminately by the Scots to Black Sanctus, the Prince of Darkness and Father of Necromancy, is by the Danes appropriated exclusively to that description of demi-gods of the waters, who, in many particulars, approach very near to the character of the Water Kelpie. Yet it may be observed, that although the Water Kelpie is never called Nick; the term Auld Nick is generally applied with some allusion to such whimsical pranks and merry mischief as the Kelpie also, when in good humour, is fond of indulging in.

SIR OLUF,

AND THE

ELF-KING'S DAUGHTER.

Translated from the Danish.—See "Kæmpe Viser," p. 748.

Sir Oluf the hend has ridden sae wide,
All unto his bridal feast to bid.

And lightly the elves, sae feat and free,
They dance all under the greenwood tree!

And there danced four, and there danced five;
The Elf-King's daughter she reekit bilive.

Her hand to sir Oluf sae fair and free:
"O welcome, sir Oluf, come dance wi' me!

"O welcome, sir Oluf! now lat thy love gay,
And tread wi' me in the dance sae gay."

" To dance wi' thee ne dare I, ne may;
The morn it is my bridal day."

" O come, sir Oluf, and dance wi' me;
Twa buckskin boots I'll give to thee;

"Twa buckskin boots, that sit sae fair,
Wi' gilded spurs sae rich and rare.

" And hear ye, sir Oluf! come dance wi' me;
And a silken sark I'll give to thee;

" A silken sark sae white and fine,
That my mother bleached in the moonshine."

" I darena, I maunna come dance wi' thee;
For the morn my bridal day maun be."

" O hear ye, sir Oluf! come dance wi' me,
And a helmet o' goud I'll give to thee."

" A helmet o' goud I well may ha'e;
But dance wi' thee ne dare I, ne may."

" And winna thou dance, sir Oluf, wi' me?
Then sickness and pain shall follow thee!"

She's smitten sir Oluf—it strak to his heart;
He never before had kent sic a smart;

Then lifted him up on his ambler red;
"And now, sir Oluf, ride hame to thy bride."

And whan he came till the castell yett,
His mither she stood and leant thereat.

"O hear ye, sir Oluf, my ain dear son,
Whareto is your lire sae blae and wan?"

"O well may my lire be wan and blae,
For I ha'e been in the elf-womens' play."

"O hear ye, sir Oluf, my son, my pride,
And what shall I say to thy young bride?"

"Ye'll say, that I've ridden but into the wood,
To prieve gin my horse and hounds are good."

Ear on the morn, whan night was gane,
The bride she cam wi' the bridal train.

They skinked the mead, and they skinked the wine:
"O whare is sir Oluf, bridegroom mine?"

"Sir Oluf has ridden but into the wood,
To prieve gin his horse and hounds are good."

And she took up the scarlet red,
And there lay sir Oluf, and he was dead!

Ear on the morn, whan it was day,
Three likes were ta'en frae the castle away;

Sir Oluf the leal, and his bride sae fair,
And his mither, that died wi' sorrow and care.

And lightly the elves sae feat and free,
They dance all under the greenwood tree!

NOTES

ON

SIR OLUF AND THE ELF-KING'S DAUGHTER.

P. 219. v. 2. " *And lightly, &c.*" In the original this burden seems to have belonged to some elder ballad, which was sung to the same tune; but as it makes something like a connection between the first and second couplet, I have introduced it as characteristically as I could. The greater part of the ballads in the " K. Viser," as well as many of the traditionary Scotish ones, have burdens of this kind, which have no relation to the sense of the stanzas to which they are annexed; although they are such as may be supposed to have continued the sense, as well as the sound, in the pieces to which they originally belonged.

P. 221. v. 6. " To prieve, &c." *At* præve *min hest, &c.*

P. 221. v. 10. " *Hun tog op det skarlagen ræd,*
Der laa Her Oluf, og var dæd.

P. 222. v. 1. " *Aarle om morgen, dag det var,*
Der komme tre Lig *af Her Oles gaard.*"

I have used the Scotish term *like* in its true sense, for a *corpse laid out*. The Scotish *like-wake*, (*corps-wake*, or the ceremony still observed, of watching by a corpse) has, in the north of England, been corrupted into *late-wake*.

"It was formerly held," says the reverend editor of 1695, "and is still believed by the lower class of people, that there was an elf-king in Stevens, and that there might no other king come therein. But Frederick V. &c. &c. have been here, and brought that opinion to nought."

The ingenious commentator here presents us with a sonnet on the subject, which he made in 1685 to his "Most Gracious Lord Christian the Fifth, when, after his northern progress, over Dovrefield, where *whilom* the inhospitable Giant Dofra lay, he made his entry into Stevens."

The sonnet is no worse than most other sonnets; but for Andrew Say's credit, as well as my own, I shall leave it for those who wish to read the "K. Viser" in the original.

"The elf-king's daughter," says the commentator, "and the elf-ladies, and elf-women, as they are called, who betray man-folks; and the Ellen, or Elven, who betray women-folks, are goblins, who were formerly much talked of; but of whom, in this clear light of the Gospel, one hears very little.

"They tell stories also about elf-books, which they used formerly to give to their favourites, by which they could spae about all manner of things to come.

"Those, who were carried away by them, were called Ellevild; and it is said of them, that Ellen lay with them. But this Sir Oluf is here ill handled and elf-shot, (*elleskudt*), because he would not be in the *elvedance* with the *ellefolk*."

ELFER HILL,

Translated from the Danish.---See "Kæmpe Viser," p. 1. 70.

Teg lagde mit hofvet til Elver Hæy, &c.

I LAID my haffet on Elfer Hill;
Saft slooming clos'd my ee;
And there twa selcouth* ladies came,
Sae fain to speak to me.

Ane clappit me then, wi' cheek sae white,
Ane rown'd intill mine ear:
"Rise up, fair youth, and join our dance;
Rise up, but doubt or fear!

* *Selcouth*, i. e. seld-couth, seldom known, strange, uncommon.

"Wake up, fair youth, and join the dance,
And we will tread the ring,
While mair nor eardly melody
My ladies for thee sing."

Syne ane, the fairest may on mold,
Sae sweet a sang began;
The hurling stream was still'd therewi',
Sae fast afore that ran.

The striving stream was still'd therewi',
Sae fast that wont to rin;
The sma' fish, in the flood that swam,
Amo' their faes now blin.'

The fishes a' in flood that were,
Lay still, baith fin and tail;
The sma' fowls in the shaw began
To whitter * in the dale.

---

* *To whitter, i. e.* to warble in a low voice, as singing birds always do at first, when they set about imitating any sweet music, which particularly attracts their attention. The original is:

Alle smaa fule i Skofven vare
Begynte at avidre i dale.

"O hear, thou fair, thou young swain,
And thou wi' us will dwell;
Then will we teach thee book and rune,
To read and write sae well.

"I'll lear thee how the bear to bind,
And fasten to the aik tree;
The dragon, that liggs on mickle goud,
Afore thee fast shall flee."

They danced out, and they danced in,
In the Elfer ring sae green;
All silent sat the fair young swain,
And on his sword did lean. *

"Now hear, thou fair, thou young swain,
But and thou till us speak,
Then shall on sword and sharp knife
Thy dearest heart-blood reek."

---

* *Og stætte sig paa sit tverd.*
In the north of Scotland, *to steet* still signifies *to prop*, and *a steet*, a prop.

Had God nae made my luck sae gude,
That the cock did wap his wing,
I boot ha'e bidden on Elfer Hill,
In the Elf-ladies' ring.

"I rede the Danish young swains,
That to the court will ride,
That they ne'er ride to Elfer Hill,
Nor sleep upon its side."

THE WATER-WOMAN.

BY THE EDITOR, FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

The water roared, the water swelled;
A fisherman sat by;
And calm and cool at heart, he watch'd
His line with steady eye.

And while he sat, and while he look'd,
The heaving waves unclose;
And out a humid female from
The troubled water rose.

She sang to him—she said to him,
"Why dost thou wyle my brood
For your thin element of death
To quit the genial flood?"

" O knewst thou but how happy here
The little fishes dwell,
Thou wouldst come down e'en as thou art,
And then wouldst first be well!

" Do not the sun and moon delight
Their beauties here to lave?
Seem not their beauties doubly fresh
Enliven'd by the wave?

" Does not the sky, within the deep,
More lovely tempt thy view?
And thy own shade, that woo's thee in
To the everlasting dew?"

The water roar'd, the water swell'd;
It bathed his naked feet;
His heart did yearn as it had yearn'd
His love's embrace to meet.

She spoke to him, she sang to him;
Sae fey he grew, bedeen,
That half she drew him, half he sank,
And never more was seen.

*** An embellished paraphrase of this ballad, by Mr Lewis, has been inserted in the "Tales of Wonder," which would certainly have superseded any attempt of the present editor to recommend it to English readers; but he considered it, from the nature of the fable, as a proper companion for "Donul and Evir," and "The Wells of Slaines," several copies of which he had procured from Scotland for collation, before he expected its publication to be anticipated by another. To attempt to improve by amplification after Mr Lewis would be presumptuous; and, in order to avoid all appearance of rivalship, and save himself from an invidious comparison so much to his disadvantage, the editor has endeavoured to render the simple and unadorned tale of Goethe into English, almost word for word. In doing this, he is aware, that he has preserved more of the German *costume* than will perhaps be agreeable to all his English readers; but some, who do not understand German, will not be displeased with the imitation for being so close. It is singular, that a gentleman of Mr Lewis' abilities should omit the ideas of the *penultimate quatrain* entirely.

DONUL AND EVIR.

BY THE EDITOR.

——— *Sud sgeula nam blianai a threig*
Air bharraibh an sgeithe dorcha.
Sean Dana, 12mo, p. 244.

Mark wull and goustie was the nicht,
And dreich the gaite to gae;
And sair did Evir's heart misgi'e,
And heavy waxt and wae.

The storm was loud: in Oran-kirk
The bells they jow'd and rang;
The arms frae out the midnicht ha'
Sent up a deadly clang.

" Ochon! it is a fearfu' nicht!
Sic saw I ne'er before;
And fearfu' will it be to me,
I'm erch, or a' be o'er.

" O Jesu, grant it turn to gude!
My heart it quells wi' fear,
The sichts to see, the yowts to hear
That stound upon mine ear.

" Howe gusts o' wind, wi' mutter'd sounds,
Whisk round the rockin' tower;
Strange looks athort my winnock pass,
And dimly on me glowr.

" And hark! what capul nicker'd proud?
Whase bugil gae that blast?
Was't he?"—'Twas but the souchin wind
Through the lang ha' that past.

" That horn again! I come, I come!
O God! he'll sure be ta'en!"—
Deep through the busteous bubs o' nicht
Brak forth a strugglin grane.

Wi' felter'd tongue, and flichterin heart,
She to Sanct Oran pray'd;
And fast, as down the stair she flew,
Her *pater-noster* said.

Swithe, sneck and bar and bowt she drew,
Wi' tentie hand and sure;
And past the moat, and through the schaw,
And to the glen she fure.

And stintin thrice, she Donul* ca'd,
Weenin he had been near;
But only the rouch and angry blast,
And howlet, could she hear.

And rouch was the blast, and dismal yowts
Atween the howlet ga'e;
And the wolf wow'd hideous on the hill,
Yowlin' frae glack to brae.

And on it cam frae the castle hyne,
The low sae dim and blue;
It glade on the richt, whare Lora ran,
And aghast to Evir's view.

---

* *Don-uil*, brown eye.

Wi' haggit ee, and haw as death,
The auld spae-man * did stand;
" O Christ!" he cried, whan, by the blink,
He saw the maid at hand—

" O Christ thee save, dear lady mine;
O Christ thee save and see!
In the wild wood, at this fearfu' hour,
What can thy errand be?

" It's mony a fearfu' sicht I've seen,
And mony an elrich hour;
But siccan sichts, and sic a nicht,
Saw I never nane before.

" O hie, O hie thee to thy bower;
Hie thee, sweet lady, hame;
For the Kelpie brim is out, and fey
Are some I darena name.

" And steek it weel, thy biglie bower,
And by the rood thee sain;
And tell thy bedes in haly guise,
Till this ae nicht is gane!"

* Spell-man; prophet.

"O gentle Skuler!* up the glen,
Hast thou a knicht or seen,
Or heard a hunter's bugle blaw
By Corrisicha's linn?"†

"Aye, lady, sooth, I knichts hae seen—
My limbs yet quak wi' fear;
And sic a bugil blast I've heard
As quell'd my heart to hear.

"But eardly knicht was nane, nor breath
O' mortal blew that blast—
O save thee, save thee, gentle may,
Till this sad nicht be past."

"The morn I wad a carlish knicht,
Or a haly cell maun drie;
And to Corrisicha now I wend,
Whare my true love waits for me."

---

* *Sgeul'er*, the man of tales.

† *Corri Sithcha'*, the round hollow valley of the *Fairies*, or *Peaceable People*, whom the Lowlanders call *Seely Wights*.

" O gangna, lady, gangna *there!*
I wierd ye, gangna *there!*
For, but and this black hour be past,
I rede ye'll rue it sair.

" For they are out;—this is the hour—
Nae mair I dare to tell;
But O, dear lady, gangna there
Till rings the matin bell." *

" But he'll be there, my ain true love,
My Donul will be there;
And wha, come weel, come wae, but I
My Donul's hap should share?

" Yet say, O Skuler—for my heart
Within me dies wi' fear;
And irie is, and sair forfairn
Thy bodin' dark to hear;

---

* No evil spirit can continue within the sound of a consecrated bell.

"Say, for his sake that died on rood,
What fear sae troubleth thee;
And what the doom sae dire, that thou
Doest wierd to mine or me?"

"Dire is the doom," the wierd-man said;
"Nae mair, O lady, speir!
'Tis death to me their doom to tell;
'Twere death to thee to hear!

"I saw the sicht—the voice I heard—
This is the fatal hour;
And there they in their blood will lie,
Maugre all human power!"

"O wha will lye," the maiden said;
"O wha will lye, and whare?"
"'Tis death to me their names to tell;
'Twere death to thee to hear.

"But in their gore will in that den
This nicht the youths be laid;
And thine will be the sairest heart
That ever mortal had.

"And Oh, dear lady, gangna *there*,"—
"Awa'!" she cried, "awa'!
I see, I see the dread decree,
I hear the lethal ca'!

"She that has lo'ed as Evir lo'es,
Nae widow's heart can bear;
Whate'er the danger ye forbode,
Wi' them I'll meet it there."

The wierd-man sich'd. His widdert hands
He heaved in the air:
"Sin' Heaven will have it sae, in vain
Were succour, rede, or prayer!"

A strange unsonsy tear wrocht down
The aged's furrowy cheek;
He hent the maiden by the hand,
And thus bespak her meek:

"Lady, I'm auld and sair forfairn,
A melancholy wicht;
And thou, that wont to cheer my eild
Wi' cordial kindness' light;

" Gin thy dear life wi' skaith now meet,
Sae dark my days wad be,
Wi' thee I'll gang, by thee I'll bide,
Whatso that I may dree."

THE SECOND FIT.

Mark wull and goustie was the nicht,
And dreich the gate to gae;
And sair did Evir's heart misgi'e,
And heavy was, and wae.

Loud rair'd the wind frae rock to cave,
Sad yowts the howlate ga'e;
And the wood-wolf wow'd upon the hill,
Yowlin frae glack to brae.

And fey and weary waxt the maid;
Cald sweat hang on her brow;
Her flouchtrous heart near brast wi' teen;
Her limbs fordweblit grew.

Whan shook the eard, and all about
A goustie murmur spread;
And Lora, loud aboon the blast,
Rair'd o'er her rocky bed.

And, tall as watch-tower's dubious bowk,
On Ardven* far and high,
Whan hunters on the rayless moon
Look through the misty sky;

Up-raise frae Corri-Linn the fiend,
Like ghaist of Fian† brim,
That strides frae craig to cleuch, hung round
Wi' gloamin vapours dim.

Like moonshine on the icy loch,
Thin, cauld, and haw to see;
Braid as the warrior's buckler, glist
The Kelpie's glassy e'e.

In his richt hand a lichted brand
Did flicker in the gale,
That aft the wull nicht-wanderer
Has fleeched to his bale.

---

* *Ard bhein*, high mountain.
† *Fian*, an hero of Fingal's days.

A hugeous conch he in his left
Held, like a bugil horn,
Wi' whilk, frae some hie cleuch he ca's
The demons o' the storm.

Lurid and black, his giant steed
Scowl'd like a thunder-cloud;
Blae as the levin glanst his mane;
His een like aumers glow'd.

And the Kelpie swang his lowin brand,
And he blew his bugil horn,
Till, far and near, wood, rock, and cave,
The thunderin' reird return.

And up they raise, twa shadowes brim,
Frae tumblin Lora's bed,
Ilk horsed on a flaucht o' fire,
Dull, dismal, dark, and red.

And up o'er the Castell Keep they mount,
And hung o'er the barmkin high;
Like distant larum-fires, that glare
Through autumn's mirky sky.

And swithe, twa knichts and a maiden fair
Behind them Skuler saw,
As up the glen, to the dowie den,
They by him sailed slaw;

Till o'er the linn in ae wide blaze,
Confoundit, in a stound,
They vanish'd wi' an elrich yowt,
That did to quak the ground.

Yet but the hoverin flaughts o' fire
Did kythe to Evir then;
Nor heard she but the yell, that shook
The Corri's dreary den.

"O stint thee, lady; lady, stay!"
The tremblin' Skuler cried;
"O gangna to the Corri yet;
Yet but a little bide.

"My horn I'll blaw; an' he be there,
Thy love will hear the sound."—
He blew, till a' the wullsome waste
Rebellowin' echoed round.

The tod ran yowlin' frae the brae,
  The wood-wolf frae the hill;
And nickerin up the glen they hear
  A wier-horse loud and shill.

Bilive young Donul wound his horn;—
  But scant the blast they knew,
When threatenin' loud ayont the know,
  Anither bugil blew.

And clatterin hooves and busteous taunts
  Brast on their startit ear;
And dushes, swithe, wi' heavy shog
  O' bargane fierce they hear.

Like levin Evir ran—she flew—
  The moon glent o'er Slia-mo'r;—
Lo! Donul and sir Allan laid
  In dead-thraw in their gore!

Their valiant hearts were thirlit through
  Athir wi' uthir's spear;
Graenin in mortal agony,
  Their steeds were thratchin near.

Laich lowtit Evir o'er her love,
Bestreekit on the ground;
She saw death settle in his e'e,
The gory steel she found.

"O Allan, O my billy! how
Could thou wirk us sik wae?"
She, turnin', took her brither's hand;—
'Twas damp, and dead as clay!

"Dead—they are dead, my love, my billy!
"Sall Evir switherin stand?"—
She said, and drew her Donul's dirk—
The weird-man held her hand.

Up the high craig like wood she flew—
The feet o' eld were sla';—
He claucht to save, and down the cleuch
To endless nicht they fa'.

SONGS

AND

BALLADS,

TRAGIC, HUMOROUS,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS.

PART SECOND.

Humorous.

THE PRYORYS

AND

HER THRE WOOYRS.

A "Tale of drewrie," from the patient, laborious, and very productive pen of the good monk of Bury, whatever its intrinsic merits may be, must be an object of considerable curiosity to such as have paid attention to the rise and progress of literature in England. But, independent of its claims, from being the production of a man who has deserved so well of his country, as an improver and polisher of our language; the following piece has in it so much of character, as certainly justifies my attempting to preserve it. It is full of incident and action, well contrived, and carried on with great decorum and good humour, for the attainment of a very laudable end. It may be said, that the humour is low; but the refined wit of modern times was unknown in the days of Lydgate; and it is quite in the

manner of the *fabliaux* of the French and Provençal poets, which were then current all over Europe, and to which the labours of Le Grand have of late imparted a second existence, and given new celebrity.

That "The Prȳorys" is the production of John Lydgate, I have no better evidence than that of the old MS. in the British Museum, (Harl. MS. 78.) from which I copied it some years ago; an authority, however, which I feel not the least inclination to question.

In the conduct of the fable, it may be observed, that the good monk has expressed against the wooers of the handsome, sensible, and good-humoured prioress, nothing of the stern, unfeeling, and uncharitable indignation and abhorrence, which is peculiar to those who have outlived their better affections, or who never had them; in whom the stronger impulses of nature have diverged into a different channel; or in whose hearts, the milk of human kindness, being forbid to flow for its proper objects, has become sour, rancorous, and corroding. The prioress, conscious of her own charms, is neither surprised nor enraged, as many a prude would have affected to be, at finding them produce their natural effects. She knew that beauty raises admiration, admiration softens and ripens into love, and love, in its very nature, includes the desire of union with its object. It is true, the means which they pursued for the attainment of this, were such as good sense and virtue must disapprove of; and accordingly, we find her punishing their forward libertinism in a manner the

most effectual, at the same time that the ludicrous distress into which she throws them, however mortifying it may be, leaves them uninjured in their persons and in their fortunes, and much wiser and better, from the lesson they have received.

Indeed the good-natured poet seems to have, at all times, had much charity for those, whose aberrations from the narrow and thorny path that leads to perfection, are owing rather to weakness and irresolution, than to any positive viciousness of disposition. Dan John, like the monk of his friend and master Chaucer, was "ay kind to the wyffis," although in a different way; and he seems to have had great respect for their finer feelings, and many allowances to make for the strong influence and effects of amorous attraction. This is no more than is to be expected from a humane and amiable poet, who had (probably before he well knew his own heart) taken a vow of celibacy; and, feeling in himself the irksomeness of restraint, was the more disposed to sympathise with others. Thus, we find his compassion for youth and beauty, condemned to the loathed embraces of surliness and deformity, and enamoured of valour and dignity, induces him to step out of his way, and quit the text of the author whom he is translating, in his *Book of Troy*, in order to express his indignation at the "high malice, and cruel false envy" of "the smotry smith, the swart Vulcanus," when that god found his wife Venus "lying a-bed with Mars her own knight:"

" And God forbid that any man accuse
For *so little* any woman ever!
Where love is set, hard is it to dissever!
For though they do such thing of gentleness,
Pass over lightly, and bear none heaviness,
Lest that thou be to woman odious!
And yet this smith, this false Vulcanus,
Albe that he had them thus espied,
Among Paynims yet was he deified!
And for that he so falsely them awoke,
I have him set last in all my boke,
Among the goddes of false mawmentry."

There is something ludicrous enough in the poetical vengeance which the good Dan John takes upon poor Vulcan, " for that he so falsely them awoke;" as well as in the surprise and indignation he expresses against the Paynims for making a god of him, notwithstanding he had had the impertinence to pry into the secrets, and intermeddle with the private pleasures, of his frail spouse. We may take it for granted, that a consistory of Christian monks of Lydgate's days would have been little disposed to canonize a *smotry smith*, who had shewn propensities so inimical to the principles and practices of their order.

THE PRYORYS

AND

HER THRE WOOYRS.

(FROM HARL. MS. 78.)

O GLORIOUS God, oure governer, glad in all thys gestyng,
And gyfe them joy that wyll here whatt I shall saye or syng:
Me were loth to be under nam of them that byn not connyng;
Many maner of men there be that wyll meddyl of every thyng,
Of persons x or xii.
Dyverse men fawts wyll fele,
That knowyth no more than doyth my hele;
Yet they thynke nothyng is well,
But yt do move of them selfe.

For soth they thynke it ryght nowght;
Many men ys so used, their term is soon tought;
Sympyll of there consayt when yt ys forth brought;—
To move then of a matter for soth I am to be thought,
And declare you of a case.
Make you merry all and som;
And I shall tell you of a noone,
The fayrest creator under the son,
The pryorys of a plase.

The lady that was lovely, a lordes dowter she was;
Full pewer and full precyous provid in every plase,
[More curteis and hende lady non never nas;]
Lords and laymen, and spyrytual her gann chase,
Hyr love for to wynne.
Grett gyfts to here they browgth;
Many men lowyth here thowgth.—
How here selfe myght thame wrowth,
She wyst not how to begyen.

There wooyd a young knyght, a fresse lord and a fayer;
And person of a paryche, a prelet wythoutten pyre;
And a burger of a borrow.—Lyst, and ye shall here
How they had layed ther love apon the lady dere;

And never of other wyst,
They goo and com,
Desyryd of her louff soonn;
They sware by son and mone
Of here to have there lyste.

The young knyght for the ladys love narrow tornyd and went:
Many bokks and dooys he sent:
The person present her pronely, hys matters to amend;
Bedds, brochys, and botells of wyen he to the lady sent;
The burges to her broght * * *
Thus they trobylyd thorow tene * * *
She wyst not how here self to mene,
For to kepe her soule clene,
Tell she hyr be thought * * *

The young knyght be thought him marvelously with the lady for to null.
He flattery'd her with many a fabyll: fast his tong gan tell
Lesyngs, lepyd out among as sound of a bell:
"Madam, but I have my wlyst of you, I shall myself quell.
[Ile hye to londe of Termagaunt*]
In batyll bolde there abyde,
To make the Jues there hedd hyde,
With gret strokes, and bloddy syd,
And sle many a great gyaunt.

* This line is supplied by the editor, to fill up an evident chasm.

" All ys for your love, madame, my lyfe wold I venter,
So that ye wyll graunt me I have desyryd many a wyntter,
Under neth your comly cowle to have myn intent."
" Syr," she sayd, " ye be ower lord, ower patron, and ower
precedent:
Your wyl must neds be do;
So that ye wyll goe thys tyde
Dowen to the chapell under the wood syde,
And be rewlyd as I wyll ye gyde."—
" All redy!" sayde he thoo.

" Dowen in the wode there is a chapell ryght as I you hyght;
There in must ye ly all nyght, my love and ye wyll gett.
Ly there lyke a ded body sowyd in a shett;
Than shall ye have my love, my nawen hony swett,
Unto morow that yt be lyght."
" Madame," he sayed, " for your love
Yt shall be done, be God above!"
He sayeth [" for soth] here is me glove,
In that quarrell for to fyght.

That knyght kyssyd the lady gent; the bargen was made:
Of no bargen syght he was borne was he never half so gladde.
He went to the chapell as the lady hym bad;
He sowyd hym selfe in a shett; he was nothyng adred;

He thought apon no sorrow.
When he com there, he layed up ryght,
Wyth a taper bornyng bryght.
There he thought to ly all nyght,
To kys the lady on the morrow.

As soon as the knyght was go, she sent for sir John.—
Well I wot he was not long; he com to her anon.
"Madam," he sayd, "What shall I do?" She answeryd to him than,
["Now helpe me in my needes grete, so warely as you can:]
Blowen it is so brode,
I have a cosyn of my blode
Lyeth ded in the chapell wood;
For owyng of a som of good
His beryng is forbode.

"We be not able to pay the good that men do crave;
Therfor we send for you our worshype for to save;
[And you shal of my love, as gode you semeth, have.]
Say hys derge and masse, and laye hym in hys grave,
And truly kepe counsell."
Hys hartte hoppyd; hys wytt to oke;*

* *Oke.* Sic in MS.—The margin has *to worke.* The meaning seems to be, *his wit awaked; to woke* being the ancient, and more truly English form of *a-woke.*

To do all thys he under toke;
To say his servys apon a boke,
He sware be hevyn and hell.

" Do thy dever," the lady sayd, " as farforth as thou may;
Then shall thou have thy wyll of me." And, serten to the I saye,
Sir John was as glad of this as ever was fowle of daye.
Wyth a mattoke and a shawyll, to the chapyll he takyth the waye,
Where he lay in his shett.
When he cam there, he made hys pett,
And sayed his derge at his fett.
The knyght lyeth styll, and dremyd yt
That my losse whas hys swett.

As soon as the pryst was gon the yong knyght for to bery,
She sent after the marchaunt. To her he came full mery.
" Dowen in the wode ther is a chapell is fayer under a pere;
Ther in lyeth a ded corse; therefore must ye stere ye
To help us in ower ryght,
He owyth us a som of golde;
To for byd his beryng I am bolde.
A pryst is theder as yt ys me tolde,
To bery hym thys nyght.

" Yf the corse beryd be, and ower mony not payed,
Yt were a fowle shame for us so for to be bytrayed.
And yf ye wyll do after me, the pryst shall be afrayed.
In a devell's garment ye shall be arrayed;
And stalke ye theder full styll:
When ye see the pryst styre
To bery hym that lyeth on bere,
Lepe in at the quyer
Dore, lyk a fend of hell."

" Madam, for your love soen I shall tryed,
So that ye wyll graunt me that I have long desyred."
" Sir," she sayd, " ye shall yt have; but fyrst I wyll be sewryd
That ower counsell ye wyll kepe that they be not descryed,
Tell to-morrow that yt be day:
If thou voyeds or ells flee,
For ever thou lesyst the love of me."
" I graunt, madam syth," sade he—
And on wyth his araye.

He dyght hym in a dyvell's garment; furth gan he goo;
He cam in at the chyrch dore as the dyrge was doo,
Rynnyng, roaryng, wyth his rakyls as devylls semid to doo.
The pryst brayed up a boke, hys hart was all most goo;

He demyd hym selfe but ded;
He was aferd he was to slowe.
He rose up he wyst not howe,
And brake out at a wyndowe,
And brake fowle ys heed.

But he that bod all the brunt, how sherwly he was egged,
For to here his dyrge do, and see hys pet deggyd!
"I trow I had my damys curse; I might have been bett beddyd;
For now am I but lost, the lyghter but I be legged."
And up rose he then.—
The devyll see the body rise,
Then hys hart be gan to gryse:
"I trow we be not all wyse!"
And he be gan to ryen.

Hys rages and hys rattells then he had for gett;
So had the young knyght, that sowyd was in the shett.
The pryst demyd them devylls, both wyth them he wolde not mett.
He sparyd nother hyll nor holt, busches gryen nor grett.
Lord, he was fowle scrapyd!
The other twayen was ell aferd;
They sparyd neither styll nor sherd:
They had lever than meddyll erd
Ayther from other have scapyd.

The pryst toke a by pathe, wyth them he wolde not met.
Yt ys hed was fowle brokyn; the blod ran dowen to ys fett.
He ran in a fyryd gowen; all his body gan to reke.
He cast off all hys clothys to the bare breke,
Be cause he wolde goo lyght.
He thought he harde the devyll leushe.
He start in to a bryer bousche,
That all hys skyen gan rousche
Of hys body guyt.

The knyght he ran in to a wood, as fast as he might weend;
He fell upon a stake, and fowle hys lege gan rentt.
Therefore he toke no care; he was aferd of the fend.
He thought yt was a longe waye to the pathes end.
But then cam all hys care!
In at the gape as he glent,
By the medyll he was hent;
In a tre tape he went,
In a boks snarre.

The marchaunt ran upon the laund there where growyth no thorenn;
He fell upon a bollys bake;—he cast hym upon his horyn;
"Out, alas!" he sayd, "that ever I was boren;
For now I goo to the devyll be cause I dyd him scoren,

Unto the pytt of hell!"
The boll ran in to a myre;
There he layed owre fayer syer;
For all the world he durst not stere
Tyll that he herde a bell.*

On the morrow he was glad that he was so scapyd;
So was the pryst also, thoo he was body nakyde;
The knyght was in the tre tope; for dred sore he quaked;
The best jowel that he had fayne he wolde for saked
For to com dowen.
He caught the tre by the tope,
Ye, and eke the catt trope;
He fell, and brake hys fore tope
Apon the bare growend.

Thus they went from the game begylyd and be glued,
Nether on other wyst how that they went be shrewyd;
The persone tolde the ladye on the morrow what myschyf there was shewed;
How that he had ronne for her love, hys merthes were but lewed,

* While he heard a consecrated bell ring, he was perfectly secure, as no devil could continue within hearing of it.

" He was so sore dred of deth:
When I shuld have beryed the corse,
The devyll cam in; the body rose;
To see all thys my hart grefe (worse;)
A lyff I scapyd unneth.

" Remember," the lady sayth, " what mysschyfe her on goyth!
Had I never lover yet that dyed ever good deth."
" Be that Lord," sayd the pryst, " that schope ale and mette,
Thou shalte never be wooed by me whylyst I have speche or breth,
Whyle I may se or here."
Thus they to made ther bost.
Ffurthe he went wyth out thi corse.
Then com thy knyght for hys purpos,
And told her of hys fare.

" Now I hope to have your love, that I have served youre,
For bought I never love so dere sythe I was man i-bore."
" Hold thy pese," the lady sayd; " there of speke thou no more;
For by the newe bargen, my love thou hast for lore,

All this hundryth wynter"
She answered hym; he went his way.
The marchaunt cam the same day:
He told her of hys grett affray,
And of his hyght aventure.

"Tyll the corse shulde be beryd be the bargen I abode;
When the body dyd ryse, a grymly goste agleed,*
Then was tyme me to stere. Many a foyle I bestrood
There was no hegge for me to hey, nor no watter to brode,
Of you to have my wyll."
The lady said, "Pese, full bleth:†
Near," she said, "whyle thou art man on lyffe;
For I shall shew yt to thy wyfe,
And all contre yt tyll;

"And proclamytte in the markyt towen, thy care to encrease."
Ther wyth he gave her xx marke that she shold hold her pese.
Thus the burger of the borrow after hys dyses
He endewed into the place wyth deds of good reles,

---

* "Agleed," qu. *a-glode*, or *glode*, for glided? In Chaucer's rhyme of Sir Topas we have

"His goode stede he al bestrode,
And forth upon his way he *glode*
As sparcle out of brode."

† "Bleth," qu. *blyffe*, i. e. belyve, immediately, quickly; in a *lively* or quick manner.

In fee for evermore.
Thus the lady ded fre:
She kepyth her vergenyte,
And endewed the place wyth fee,
And salvyd them of ther soore.

LONDON LYCKPENY.

BY

JOHN LYDGATE.

From Andrews's "History of Great Britain," Appendix to B. iv. and v. p. 350. *The editor is sorry, he had it not in his power to give the text upon better authority; as Mr Andrews's transcripts are not always made with the exactness and accuracy of an antiquary.*

To London once my steps I bent,
Where trouth in no wyse should be faynt;
To Westmynster I forthwith went,
To a man of law to make complaynt;
I said, "for Marie's love, that holy saynt,
Pity the pore that wolde procede!"
But for lacke of money I could not spede.

And, as I thrust the presse amonge,
By froward chance, my hood was gone;
Yet, for all that, I stayd not longe,
  Till att the Kynge Benche I was one:
  Before the judge I kneel'd anone,
And prayed hymm for Goddes sake to take hede;
But, for lacke of mony I might not spede.

Benythe them satte clerkes, a gret rout,
  Which faste did wryte by one assente,
There stood up one, and cryde about,
  " Richarde! Roberte! and John of Kent!"
  I wyst not well what thys man ment;
He cryed out thryse there indede:
But he that lacked mony myght not spede.

Unto the common plase I yode thro,
  Whare sate one with a sylken hode;
I dyde him reverence, I ought to do so,
  I told my case there as well as I colde;
  How my goodes were defrauded me by falshood;
I gat not a move of his mouth for my mede;
And for the lacke of mony I cold not spede.

Unto the Rolls I gat me from thence,
  Before the clerks of the chancerye,
Where many I found earnynge of pence,
  But none at all once regarded me.
  I gave them my playnte uppon my knee;
They liked it well when had it rede;
But for lackynge of mony I could not spede.

In Westmynster Hall, I found out owne
  Which went in a longe gown of saye;
I crowched, I kneeled before hym anon,
  For Marye's love, of help I him praye;
  "I wot not what thou meanest," gan he saye:
To get me thence he dyd me bede.
For lack of mony I could not spede.

Within the Hall neyther ryche nor yet pore
  Would for me oughte, although I shoulde dye;
Which seing, I gat me oute of the doore,
  Where Flemyngs began on me for to crye;
  "Master, what will you chepen or bye?
Fine felt hattes, or spectacles to rede?
Lay down your sylver, and here you may spede."

Then to Westmynster gate I presently went,
When the soun it was at high prime;
And cokes to me they tooke good extent,
And profered me bread with ale and wynne;
Rybbys of befe, both fat and ful fyne;
A fayre cloth they gan for to sprede;
But, wanting mony, I might not spede.

Then unto London I dyde me hie,
Of all the land it beareth the pryse;
"Gode Pescode!" owne began to crye;
"Strabery rype!" and "Cherrys in the ryse!"
Owne bad me drawe nere, and by some spyce,
Pepper, and saforne, they gan me bede:
And for the lack of mony I might not spede.

Then to the Chepe I gane me drawne,
Where mutch people I sawe for to stande:
One offrid me velvet, sylke, and lawne;
Another, he takes me by the hande;
"Here is Parys thread, the fynest in the lande."
I never was used to such thinges, indede;
And, wanting money, I might not spede.

Then went I forth by London Stone,
Throughout all Danwick-streete;
Drapers much cloth ofred me anone,
Then comes in one cryed "Hot shepes' feet!"—
One cryed "Makerel!" "Pezen grene," another gan grete;
An bad me by a hoode to cover my heade;
But, for want of mony, I might not spede.

Then I hyd me to Estchepe;
One cryes "Rybbes of befe, and many a pye;"
Pewter pottes they scattered in a hepe:
There was harpe, pype, and mynstrelsye.
"Yea, by cock! Nay, by cock!" some began crye
Some songs of Jenken and Julian for there mede.
But, for lack of mony, I might not spede.

Then unto Cornhill anon I yode,
Where was much stolen gire amonge;
I saw there honge myne owne hoode,
That I had lost amonge the thronge.
To by my own hoode I thought it wronge.
I knew it well, as I dyde my crede;
But, for lack of mony, I could not spede.

The taverner toake me by the sleeve,
  " Sir," saith he, " will you our wyne essay?"
I answered, " That cannot mutch me greve;
  A peny can do no more than yt maye."
  I dranke a pint, and for yt did paye,
Yet sore a hungered from thence I yide,
And, wanting mony, I could not spede.

Then hyd I to Belynsgate,
  And owne cryed " Hoo! go wee hence?"
I prayd a Bargeman for God's sake,
  That he would spare me my expence.
  " Thou scapst not here," quoth he, " under two pence
I list not yet bestowe my almes dede."
Thus, lacking mony, I could not spede.

Thus, I convayed me into Kent;
  For of the law would I medle no more,
Because no man to me took ent;
  I dyght me to do as I dyd before.
Now Jesus, that in Bethleham was born,
Save London, and send true lawyers there mede;
For whoso wanting mony, with them shall not spede.

THE ENCHANTED BASYN.

FROM A MS. SAID TO BE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY AT CAMBRIDGE, MARKED FF. v. 48. 11.

This piece is much in the manner of the foregoing, and they seem both to belong to the same age. Both are written in the stanza of the "Tournament of Tottenham," *a copy of which is also found in the same curious MS. with the* "Basyn," "True Thomas," *and the* "Queen of Elfland," *&c. None of the pieces in that collection have any titles.*

Off talys and trifulles many man tellys;
Sume byn trew, and sum byn ellis.
A man may dryfe forth the day that long tyme dwellis
With harpyng, and other mery spellis,
With gle and with game.
Off a person ze mowe here,
In case that hit sothe were;
And of his brother that was hym dere,
And lovyd well same.

The tone was his fadres eyre of hows and of lande;
The tother was a person as I understande,
A riche man wex he and agode husbande,
And knowen for agode clerke thoro goddis sande,
And wyse was holde:
The tother had littal thozt;
Off husbandry cowth he nozt;
But all his wyves will he wrozt
[Sympulle as he colde.]

A febull husbande was he on as many ar on lyve;
All his wyves biddyng he did it full ryve.
Hit is an olde seid saw, I swere be seynt Tyve,—
"Hit shalbe at the wyves will if the husband thryve."
Both with in and with owte,
A wyfe that has an yvell tach,
Ther of the husband shalle have a smache;
[The devoll mot hym beter cach,]
But gif he loke well abowte.

Off that zong gentilman was a gret disese;
After a zere or two his wyfe he myzt not pleese.
Mycull of his lande lay to the preest's ese,
Eche taugt hym ever amonge how the kutte did snese,

Rigt at hir owne wille.
He, that hade bene a lorde,
Was nouther at bedde ne at borde,
Ne durst onys speke a worde,
When she bade be stille.

•

Litull of husbondry the godeman con thynke;
And his wyfe lovyd well gode mete and gode drynke:
She wolde nouther ther fore swete ne swynke;
But, when the baly was full lye downe and wynke,
And rest hir neder ende.
Soo longe this life thei ladde,
That spende was that thei hadde;
The wife hir husbande badde
Be life soeth to wende.

"To the person thi broder, that is sō rich awrech,
And pray him of thi sorow sum del he wold slech,
Ffourty pounds other fyfty loke of hym thu fech;
So that thu hit brynge, litull will I rech
Never for to white."
To his brother forth he went,
And mycull money to hym he lent,
And also sone hit was spent;
Ther of they had but lyte.

Mycull mony of his brother he fette;
Ffor alle that he brozt, he ferd never the bette.
This persone wex wery, and thozt he wolde hym lette:
" And he farè long thus, he fallis in my dette;
And zet he may not the:
The twene hym and his wife I wysse
A drawzt that is drawen amysse.
I will wete, soo have I blisse,
How that hit myzt be."

Zet on a day after wards to the person he zede,
To borow mone, and he ne myzt spede:
" Brother," quoth the person, " thu takis litull hede
How thu fallis in my dett, (ther of is all my drede,)
And zet thu may not the:
Perdy thu was my faders eyre,
And ever thu lyves in dispayre;
[Of golde and fe and comfurt bare;]
What devoll! how may this be?"

" I ne wot how it faris, but ever I will be hynde;
Ffor to liffe manly hit come me be kynde;
I shall truly sey what I thynke in my mynde;
[My gode thurgh som hol, that I se nozt ys tynde.]"

The person seyd, " Thu me telle."
" Brother," he seid, " be seynt Albon,*
Hit is a preest men callis sir John;
Sich a fellow know I non;
Of felawes he berys the bell.

" Hym gode and curtesse I fynd ever moo;
He harpys and gytryns, and syngth ther too;
He wrestels and lepis, and castis the ston also."
" Brother," quoth the person, " belife hame thu goo,
So as I thee say:
Zif thu mizt with any gynne
The vessel owt of the chamer wynne,
The same that thei make water in,
And bryng hit me, I the pray."

" Brother," he seid, " blithly your will shalbe wrozt:
It is a pownde basyn, I have hit in my thozt,"

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* *Seynt Albon.*—In the library of Bennet College, Cambridge, No. c. 9. p. 365, there is a MS. legend, in five pages, of a St Alban, the offspring of an incestuous intercourse, who was carried into Hungary, exposed, brought to the king, and by him adopted as his son. He afterwards, unknowingly, married his own mother; on the discovery of which, he renounced the world and all its pleasures, withdrew himself from society, and turned hermit.

" As prevely as thu may, that hit be hider brozt,
Hye the fast on thi way; loke thu tary nozt,
And come agayne anone."
Homewards con he ride;
Ther no longer wolde he byde;
And then his wife began to chide,
Because he come so sone.

He hent up the basyn, and forth can he fare;
Till he came to his brother wolde he not spare:
The person toke the basyn, and to his chamer it bare,
And a preve experiment sone he wroght thare;
And to his brother he seyde ful blithe,
" Loke thu where the basyn fette,
And in the place thu hit sett,
And than," he seyd, " with owtyn lette
Come agayne right swythe."

He toke the basyn, and forth went:
When his wife hym saw, her bromes she up hent:
" Why hase thi brother so sone the home sent?
Hit myzt never be for gode, I know it verament,
" That thu comes home so swythe!"
" Nay," he seid, " my swetyng,
I moste take a lutill thynge,
And to my brother hyt brynge;
Ffor sum it shall make blithe."

In to his chamer prively went he that tyde,
And sett down the basyn be the bedde side.
He toke his leve at his wyfe, and forth can he ride:
She was glad that he went, and bade hym not abyde.
Hir hert began to glade;
She anon rizt thoo,
Slew a capon or twoo,
And other gode mete ther too
Hastely she made.

When alle thyng was redy, she sent after Sir John,
Prively at a postern zate, as stille as any ston.
They eten and dronken as thei were wonte to done,
Till that thayme list to bedde for to gon,
Softly and stille.
With in a lutill while Sir John con wake,
And nedis water he most make.
He wist wher he shulde the basyn take
Rigt at his own wille.

He toke the basyn to make water in,
He mygt not get his hondis awey; all this worlde to wyn
His hondis fro this basyn myzt he not twyn:
"Alas!" seid Sir John, "how shall I now begynne?

" Here is sum wychecrafte."
Ffaste the basyn con he holde,
And alle his body tremeld for colde;
Lever than a C pounde he wolde
That hit were fro him rafte.

Rizt as a chapmon shulde sell his ware,
The basyn in the chaumber betwixt his hondis he bare.
The wife was agrevyd he stode so longe thare,
And askid why so hit was a nyte fare
So stille ther to stonde.
" What, woman!" he seid, " in gode fay,
Thu must helpe, gif thu may,
That this basyn were awey;
Hit will not fro my honde."

Upstert this godewyfe for nothynge wolde shee lette,
And bothe hir hondis on the basyn she sette.
Thus sone were thai bothe fast, and he never the bette:
Hit was amysse felisshippe aman to have Imette,
Be day or be nizt.
They began clepe and crye,
To awench that lay thaim nye,
That she shulde come on hye,
To help, gif sho mizt.

Upstert the wench, er she was halfe waked,
And ran to hir maystrys, all baly naked:
"Alas!" seid hir maistrys, "who hase this sorrow maked?
Helpe this basyn were awey, that oure sorow were slaked;
Here is a sory chaunce!"
To the basyn the wenche she paste;
Ffor to helpe hade she caste.
Thus were they sone all thre fast:
Hit was a nyce daunce!

Ther thei dauncyd al the nyzt till the sun con rise:
The clerke rang the daybell as hit was his gyse;
He knew his maisters councell, and his avyse;
He thozt he was to longe to sey his servyse,
His matyns be the morow.
Softly and stille thider he zede,
When he come thider he toke gode hede,
How that his mayster was in grett drede,
And brought in gret sorow.

Anon, as Sir John can see, he began to call.
Be that worde thei come downe in to the hall:
"Why goo ze soo?" quoth the clerke, "hit is shame for
you alle!
Why goo ze so nakyd? foule mot yow falle!

The basyn shalle yow froo."
To the basyn he made abrayde,
And bothe his hondis ther on he leyde:
The furst worde that the clerke seyde,
"Alas! what shall I doo?"

The carter fro the halle dur erth can he throwe,
With a shevell in his honde, to make it clene, I trowe.
When he saw thaym go rounde upon a row,
He wende hit hade bene folys of the fayr[ie]; he told
hit in his saw;
He seid he wold assay, I wysse;
Unneth he durst go in for fere:
Alle save the clerke nakyd were.—
When he saw the wench go there,
Him thozt hit went amisse.

The wench was his speciall that hoppid on the route:
"Lette go the basyn, or thu shall have a clowte."
He hit the wench with a shevell above on the towte.
The shevell sticked ther fast, with owte any dowte,
And he hengett on the ende.
The carter, with a sory chaunce,
Among thaim alle he led the dawnce.
In Englonde, in Scotlonde, ne in Fraunce,
Aman shulde non such fynde.

The godeman and the person came in the stounde;
All that fayre feliship dawnsyng thei founde;
The godeman seid to Sir John, "be cocks swete wounde,
Thu shall lese thine harnesse, or a C pounde;
Truly thu shalle not chese."
Sir John seid, "in gode fay,
Help this basyn were awey,
And that moné will I pay,
Or I this harnes lese."

The person charmyd the basyn that it fell thaim fro;
Every man than hastely on thair way can goo.
The preest went out of contre, for shame he hide thoo;
And then thai levyd thaire lewtnesse, and did no more soo,
But wex wise and ware.
Thus this godeman and his wyfe,
Levyd to geder with owt stryfe.
Mary, for hir joyes ryfe,
Shelde us alle fro care!

JHONE AND ELSPAT.

Some years ago, while the editor was reading the earlier poets of his country, he wrote the following *jeu d'esprit*, and sent it, with the title which it here bears, and the subscription, "Quod Dudbar, off Johne and Elspat," to a much-valued friend, now no more, an eminent antiquary, and a man equally distinguished for his learning and worth. No imposition was intended, nor was his friend a man likely to be imposed upon in a thing of which he was so able a judge. It met with his warmest approbation; and the approbation of a man of so much true Christian piety and manly virtue, renders any apology for publishing it here unnecessary. No particular imitation of Dunbar was intended, and his name was pitched upon merely as being the most likely man to have written such a thing. It is hoped, that there will be found in it something more of the style and manner of Dunbar's times, than a mere tissue of old words awkwardly put together, and disfigured by a quaint orthography. The scene is laid near the abbey of Kingloss, in Morayshire; within four miles of which, on the border of the Spindle Muir, the editor was born—if that were of any consequence to the reader.

ANE BALLADE

MIRRIE AND PLEASAUNT

OF

JHONE AND ELSPAT;

AND HOW JHONE DISCOUVERIT ANE CERTANE REMEID FOR ANE MALADIE VERY COMMOUN AMANG THE WYFFIS.

Omnia perversas possunt corrumpere mentes:
Stant tamen illa suis omnia tuta locis.
Ovid. Trist. lib. 2. el. 1.

ELSPAT wes fresche and bryght off blei,
And blyith als burd is on ane trei,
And quik and vertie als ane bei
To walke at morrow tyde;
And pawkie mowis couth scho mak;
And clap hir spouis baith brest and bak,
And blenk sa winsumlie. Alack!
Mocht Johne ilk syith abyde?

It fell uppon ane morrow gay,
The luifsumest in month of May,
Jhone keikit up at screik of day,
And fand hir sowchand sound.
He sainit himsel than be the rude:
And (for he luifit hir as his blude,)
Nocht wald he troublit sleip sa gude,
Na for ane styrling pownd!

Sa, sainand hir, Jhone tentie rais,
And saft and sleilie dond his clais;
Bot stent or din syn furth he gais,
For scho mocht sleip hir fill:
The sone wes up, the lift wes clair;
Healsum and sueit the purit air;
And all wes blyithnes heir and thair,
Be medow, holm, and hill.

Nature had dicht for haliday
Hir bairnis in ther best aray;
And Flora, Zephyrus, and May,
Buskit the lustie yeir;
Kinglossis bellis seilful rang;
With mirrie cheir the laverack sang;
The dow, the levis grein amang,
Crowdit untill his feir.

Luikand about, and at the sone,
Ha, *benedicite*, anone,
"This is an luifsum day!" quod Jhone,
And furth he fure in hie;
And round the ferm takis the gait,
Lyke husband gude, off his estait,
That all is richt and ticht, I wait,
That curis ay to sei.

Swyth fuir he till the holtis hair,
To prieve the caler quicknand air;
And O, the sounds and sichtis thair
Na phantasie can fenyie!
The kiddis warp in faerie roundis;
The lammie licht jenkis and boundis;
The fei, be feir and feir, y-foundis,
Moupand in social glie.

Syn tornand till the flourie how;—
The caure did haig, the queis low;
And ilka bull hes got his cow,
And staggis all ther meiris:
And all wes lyff be lea and woud,
Whare lytel burdis in ther mude,
With luif-mowis and liltis loud
War fetherand ther deiris.

It is inkynd to tak corage,
Quhasa behaldis utheris rage:
And Jhone did wex als kneif, I gage,
Als grome in May mocht be:
And " Od," quod he, " war Elspat heir!
Scho is min luif and honie deir;
And suith scho hath bot dowie cheir,
Albe scho luivith me!"

Sa, mirrilie in our the bent
Jhone takis, crouse in his entent;
Sair rewand he fra hame had went
Sa crawdoun-like that morn:
Yet eke his hart wes glad that syith
To thynk quhat sweiting Epp wald kyith,
And welcum with luife-blenkis blyith
Sa coylie his retorn.

The Muckil-man wes at Blar-mòne;
The Dey and Hird war at the lone;
And in his thocht sair ferlyit Jhone,
Als he his hald drew neir,
To sei fra out the lum na reik,
Doris and winnockis asteik,
And sound nor sicht off thyng weis quik
About the hous asteir.

He stennet in; hys hart did quaik;
For ilka thyng lay in the draik;
And duilful crune Elspat did maik
Alane intill her bed:
"Wow! willawins! my Eppie deir,
Quhat wirkis you sic dowie cheir?"
"Och, Jhone, weils me that thou art heir,
For suith I am bot ded!"

"Na, Chryst defend, mie lyf, sic wrang!
Or thou shold tyne, mocht feind me fang,
Bot gude, quhateir I ha, sall gang,
Be Sanct Andro, sauns fayle!
Ile smyl on mie last doit that gais,
(Sa thram mie saul!) to bryng the aise:
Quhat, than, thi dollour may appaise!"
"Och, Jhone, I canna tell!"

"We haif, mie burd, four bossis fyne;
Thre Burdous, ane off Mawmsie wyne;—
(And suith, mie dow, to meis thi pyne
Mie hart bluid wald I spill:)
Wyll thou, mie sweit, ane tass off tha?
Or ane gude quech off Uiskeba?
Or mulse? or ale?"—"Och-ochan, na!
Jhone, man, I'm ill, ill, ill!"

" I fand sax pertrick eggs yestrein,
Wyll mak ane curand stoip bedein ;"
" Och na," scho sayis, and steikis hir ein,
And Jhonis hand scho past
Athort hir brest, als swannis richt,
Saft als the down, and cleir als licht:
" Och-och, mie luif, its in sic flicht,
I trow mie hart wyll brast!"

" Quhat than, sweit honie min, and dow,
Can I sumdele to confurt you?
Wyll you ane geste of Chalmer glew?
Ile do it, be Sanct Pole!"
" Te-hei!" quod Elspat, blenkand seil,
" Jhone, thou art sic ane oncouth cheil,
Thou garris me lauch, and me na weil,
Thou art sae queint and drole!"

THE BOGLE-BO.

This tale was written when the author was a mere boy. He had heard that there existed a rustic ballad on a similar subject; but he has never been able to procure a copy of it, nor has he ever heard a single line of it repeated. It is certainly such an argument as he would not now sit down to embellish; but, at the time when it was written, his knowledge of Scotish poetry, and indeed of English poetry also, was entirely confined to traditionary ballads and songs, and penny pamphlets. Had he abilities to distinguish himself among his countrymen as a poet, his readers would not be displeased to see what kind of verses he was likely to have written, had he remained illiterate and uninformed in his native cottage. As to the propriety of publishing, in his maturer years, a piece of this kind, he must confess, that, although no man living has a higher respect for virtue,

decorum, and true refinement and delicacy, he is not so fastidious in this respect as many affect to be; he can still read "Fye let us a' to the Bridal," and pieces of that cast, with considerable pleasure, and is no enemy to rustic gaiety and good humour, so long as it is harmless, and none of the social virtues, or moral duties, are in danger of being violated by it.

THE BOGLE-BO.

WHARE Don frae the Highlands comes hurlin',
In mony a willsome roun',
Ay twinin', and wimplin', and swirlin',
To blyth Balgounie town;
In a lythe cantie hauch, in a cottage
Fu' bien wi' ald warldly store,
Whare never lack'd rowth o' good potage,
And butter and cheese gilore;

There, couthie, and pensie, and sicker,
Wonn'd honest young Hab o' the Heuch,
As good a chiel's ever toom'd bicker,
Or whistled at cart or pleuch.
His gransher, his gutsher, his daddie,
And mony ane mair o's forbeërs,
Had rented the farm already,
For good kens what hunners o' years.

His pantry was never ill-boden;
The spence was ay couthie an' clean;
The gantry was ay keepit loaden
Wi' bowies o' nappie bedeen:
The bucht, and the byre, and the stable,
Shaw'd plenty and thrift to be there;
And there was few mail-payers able
To shine sae at kirk or at fair.

And now a' their gear and ald rottacks
Had faun to young Hab o' the Heuch,
And Habbie was nae gi'en to proticks,
But guided it weel eneuch;
And naething was Habbie now scant in,
To mak him as cothie's you like;
For nocht but a house-wife was wantin'
To plenish his weel-foggit byke.

And he had been lookin about him
For twa good towmons and mair,
For some couthie lass, that mith suit him
In thriftyness, prudence, and gear.
And a' the young hizzies were watchin',
A' round about that gate en',
Nor wonder, in hopes they mith catch him
They a' were fidgin fain!

But Bess o' the Mill was the lassie
  Allanerly took his e'e;
And sonsie, and cantie, and gawsie,
  But eelist or flaw was she.
Young Bess was her mammie's ae dother,
  Though neither a dilp nor a da,
Nor was in the parish another
  Sae tocher'd, sae winsome, and braw.

Her daddie, a cannie ald carl,
  Had shucken and mouter a fouth;
Her minnie had hain'd the warl,
  And the whitrack-skin had routh.
And Bess was a braw thumpin kittie,
  For Habbie just feer for feer;
But she was (and wasna't a pity?)
  As skittish and scare as a deer.

And Habbie had now been a-wooin'
  A lee-lang towmon and mair;
And haflins to let her be doin',
  He now had resolved in despair.
He'd spent mair in brogues gaun about her
  Nor hardly was weel worth to waur;
For mony a foul weary plouter
  She'd cost him through gutters and glaur.

And mony a cald hurloch eenin,
  Through weet and through snaw had he gane;
While Bessie, to slocken his greenin,
  A prieve o' her mou' hardly gae'm.
At langrin, wi' coaxin' and fleechin,'
  And some bonnie-wallies frae Hab,
And mammie and dadie's beseechin',
  She knit up her thrum to his wab.

'Twere o'er lang a tale to be speakin'
  O' a' the braw duddies were bought;
For ilka thing till Bessie's likin'
  Auld Aberdeen's shops were a' sought:
And Bessie, nae doubt o't, geckit,
  And lookit down pauchty eneuch,
To think, while the lave were negleckit,
  That she wad get Hab o' the Heuch.

And now cam the nicht o' feet-washin',
  And Bessie look'd mim and scare,
And gossips, and het pints, and clashin',
  And mony a lie was there;
And mony an ill-far'd tale, too,
  That I to mowband wad blush,
Whan the tittlin ald snick-drawers fell to,
  And they wi' the *creature* were flush.

The drinkin', and dancin', and eatin',
The rantin' and roarin' whan fu',
The courtin', and brulzies, and beatin',
Wi' back o' dyke trysts enew;
Wi' a' the braw fun o' the weddin',
It a' may be guest to a hair;
Sae hap we o'er thae to the beddin',
And see what diversion was there.

The cathel cam in in a bicker;
Wi' cutties they sluggied it roun';
And the bride's sweetie bun, and good liquor,
Wi' gawfin and jeerin' gaed down.
And Bess, wi' lang priggin and botherin',
Her left-hough stockin' had flung;
It hat Willie Mill o' the shouther, and
Poor Willie by this time was bung.

"Hech!" quo' Will, "lat there never waur happen!"
And smurtled at Dory Maclean;
And Dorothy ween'd she mith lippen,
And flicker'd at Willie again.
Wi' winkin', and bletherin', and jokin',
And mony *muckle joys*, I wyte,
They left skittish Bessie her smock in,
And Habbie as keen as a kyte.

But ah! (wi' dry e'en wha could tell it!)
The wearifu' pickle he was in!
The mishaps and mishanters that fell out,
Ere Bessie's good will he could win!
O'er soothly she took minnie's caution,
And faucht like a cat on a mow;—
Dogs hunt the first bride set the fashion!
Short while stick they to it, I trow.

Frae nicht till the dawin they battled;
Whan day through the winnock did peep,
Bess out in a widden-dream brattled;
And Hab looked as blate as a sheep.
Three nichts i' this drearifu manner
Frae Habbie she keepit abeich,
Nor wist the poor wicht how to tame her,
She was sae camsterie and skeich.

At last to Tam Tod, the town taylor,
He hied him, to speer his advice;
Still wondrin what devil could ail her,
That she was sae dorty and nice.
Tam Tod was an ald-farran birkie,
Weel versed i' the gawds o' the sex;
Slee, snackie, and wilie, and quirkie,
And famous for pliskies and tricks.

Quo Tammie, " Hab, never lat o' ye,
But lea' a' the business to me;
Gin she binna fain to creep to ye,
Then I sall say, fause tongue, I lie." *
And sooth as he said it, he did it,
And followt the cauk wi' the sheer;
For Hab and Bess hardly were beddit,
Whan Tammie belive did appear.

In a brannit owse hide he was buskit,
Wi' muckle main horns bedight;
And ay wi' his lang tail he whiskit,
And drumm'd on an ald corn weight.
And ay he bullied and routed,
And O, as he rattled and roar'd,
And graen'd, and mutter'd, and crouted,
And Bessie to tak awa shor'd!

* In some parts of Scotland, this kind of penance is still in use. A person that has slandered or belied another, to the injury of his character or credit, is obliged to stand in a white sheet, or in the *jougs* (pillory), or in some other conspicuous manner, at the kirk-door, while the congregation are coming out, and to say aloud,

First, I ca'd him honest man;
It was true indeed;
Neist, I ca'd him thief-face,
Fause tongue, I lied.

The expressions vary according to the person and the crime to be confessed.

Poor Bessie, that yond to the hallan'
  Had croppen as far's she could win,
Whan she heard a' the dirdum and squallin',
  Cried,—" Good be about us! what's yon?"
And belly-flaught o'er the bed lap she,
  And claucht Hab wi' might and wi' main—
" Hech! husto!" quo' Habbie, " I chaps ye;
  I thocht whare your tantrums wad en'.

" But gae your wa's, Bessie, tak on ye,
  And see wha'll tak care o' ye now;
E'en gae wi' the Bogle, my bonnie——
  It's a browst your ain daffery did brew."
" O dear, dear Habby, my jewel!
  Keep me frae the Bogle-bo,
And what frae this hour," quo' she, " you will
  Command me, I'll never say no."

" Now, lasses, (gin lasses there be ane,
  Will hear out my tale to an en'),
Slicht nae the protection that ye ken,
  Ye canna do by frae the men.
And whan they their services tender,
  And ye wad say *yes*, say na *no*;
Wi' frankness and caution surrender,
  For fear o' the BOGLE-BO.

"And lads, gin your lasses grow dorty,
Let never their gees mak ye wae,
Nor the foul fiend, Despair, come athort ye;
Put ye but a Bo in the way:
And whan they tak scoug in your arms,
Be honest and kindly, and so
Fend the sweet little dears frae a' harms,
Till ye baith bless the *Bogle-Bo.*"

THE BEGGAR.

From the " Scots Musical Museum," *corrected by two MS. copies, transmitted from Scotland. The four stanzas inclosed within brackets, are interpolations.*

In Scotland there liv'd an humble beggar,
Had never a house, nor hald, nor hame;
But he was weel likit by ilka body,
And they gae him sunkets to rax his wame.

This beggar he was a mensefu' beggar;
The fient a pride ne pride had he;
But he wad hae ta'en his alms in a bicker,
Frae gentleman, or poor body.

A nievefu' o' meal, or a gowpen o' aits,
A dad o' a bannock, or fadge to prie;
Cald kail, or parritch, or lickins o' plates,
Wad hae made him as blythe as a beggar could be.

His wallets a-hin and afore him hang,
In as good order as wallets could be;
A lang kail-gully hang down by his side,
And a muckle nowt-horn * to rowt on had he.

[He ay was welcome where'er he gaed;
And ilk ane was glad the beggar to see;
And cadgilie crackit the carl, I wat,
Whan set by the ingle fu' cozilie.

Auld farran and gneigie was he ay,
As travelt folk are wont to be;
And a' the ferlies he ever could cleck,
He set them aff wi' unco glee.

---

* The sword, dagger, and horn, were the distinguishing badges of men of rank, and their military followers; and till very lately were worn in the Highlands of Scotland, by every man that could afford to have such things, when he appeared abroad. This merry *mome* of a beggar (who is an excellent representative of a character formerly very common, though now seldom met with) accouters himself with a long kail-gully for a sword, a nowt-horn, of the largest size he could get, for a bugle, &c. of which, at merry meetings, he made good use in the jests and antiques with which he entertained and recommended himself to the guests. The editor, when very young, has seen such a mendicant *drole* in the north of Scotland, at a penny wedding.

——" Wallop out a dance,
Or tell some merry tale,
Till some gude fellow in his dish
Turn'd o'er the stoup and ale."

And ay the bairnies wad round him thrang,
  And ilka ane had sunkets to gie;
While fainly they fidgit at ilka tale,
  And blythely blinkit ilk' ane's e'e.]

But it happen'd ill, and it happen'd warse,
  And it happen'd sae the body did die;
And wha do ye think was at his like-wake,
  But lads and lasses of high degree?

And some were blythe, and some were sad;
  A-hin backs some play'd Blind Harrie;
Then swippertly started up a carl—
  "My younkers, I rede ye, tak' tent o' me!"

Up gat Kate, that sat i' the neuk;
  "Ye cankert carl, what deil ail's ye?"
O'er he lap, and he ca'd her limmer,
  And tuggit and ruggit her cockernonie.

[Syne she o'er him, and he o'er her,
  Wi' collyshangy right rare to see,
Until they baith were out o' breath,
  Syne o'er a het stoup they did 'gree.]

They howkit the greaf in Dukit's kirk-yard;
Its e'en fair fa' the companie;
But whan they were layin the beggar in yerd,
The fient a dead nor dead was he.

And whan they had him in Dukit's kirk-yard,
He dunted o' the kist, the buirds did flee;
"The Lord be here!" cried ilka ane;
In fell the kist, and out lap he!

He cried, "I'm cald, I'm unco cald!"
Fu' fast ran the folk, and fu' fast ran he;
But he was first hame at the ald ingle-side,
And helpit to drink his ain dirgie.

THE

CARL OF KELLYBURNBRAES.

From the "Scots Musical Museum."

THERE lived a carl in Kellyburnbraes,
(Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme)
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,
(Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme)
He met wi' the devil; says, "How do you fen?"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime.

"I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my complaint;
(Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme)
For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime."

"Its neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme)
But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime."

"O welcome, most kindly," the blythe carl said,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme)
But if ye can match her, ye're waur nor ye're ca'd;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime."

The devil has got the auld wife on his back;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme)
And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme)
Syne bad her go in, for a bitch and a whore,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme)
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime.

The carlin gaed through them like ony wood bear;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme)
Whae'er she gat hands on came near her nae mair;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime.

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa';
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;)
"O help, master, help! or she'll ruin us a';
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime."

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme)
He pitied the man, that was tied to a wife;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime.

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme)
He was not in wedlock, thank heaven, but in hell;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme)
And to her auld husband he's carried her back;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime.

" I hae been a devil the feck o' my life;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;)
But ne'er was in hell, till I met wi' a wife;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime."

PATIE's COURTSHIP.

From Mr Herd's MS. transmitted by Mr W. Scott. This copy will be found much more perfect than that published in the Edinburgh Collection.

PATIE came in frae the dale,
A-driving his wedders afore him;
He met bonny Meg gangin' hame,
And her beauty was like for to smore him.

"O Maggie, lass, dinna ye ken,
That you and I'se gawn to be married;
I'd rather hae broken my leg,
As had sic a bargain miscarried."

"O, Patie, lad, wha tell'd ye that?
I trow o' news they've been scanty;
I'm nae to be married the year,
Though I should be courted by twenty.'

" Now, Maggie, what gars ye to taunt?
Is't cause that I haena a mailin?
The lad, that has gear, needsna want
For neither a half nor a hail ane.

" My father has an auld mare,
And yours has a cow and a filly;
We canna want plenty o' gear;
Then, Maggie, bena sae ill-willy."

" Weel, Patie, lad, I dinna ken;
But first ye maun spear at my daddie,
For we are weel-boden there ben;
And I winna say but I'm ready.

" We hae wealth o' yarn in clues,
To mak me a coat and a jimpey;
And plaiding weel scour'd for trews;
Gin ye get it, I shanna scrimp ye."

" Now fare fa ye, Maggie, for that,
I'se e'en lat a smackie gae wi' ye;
May my neck be as lang as my leg,
If I be an ill husband unto ye.

" Haste ye, mak ready your claiths,
And busk ye 'gainst this day fifteen days;
And tell your father frae me,
I'll be his gude son in great kindness."

Maggie's as blythe as a wran,
Bodin' the blast o' ill weather;
And a' the gaite singin' she ran,
To tell the news to her father.

But ay the auld man cried out,
" He'll no be o' that mind on Sunday."
" There's nae fear o' that," quo' Meg;
For I gat a kiss on the bounty."

" And what was the matter o' that?
It was naething out o' his pocket;
I wish the news were true,
And we had him fairly hookit.

" For Patie's a very good lad,
And weathers has little fra twenty,
And mony good trifles beside;
He's no to fling at, gin he want ye."

A very wee while after that,
  Wha cam to our bigging but Patie,
Dress'd up in a braw new coat,
  And he thocht himsel wondrous neatie.

His bonnet was little frae new,
  And in it a loop and a slittie;
To draw in a ribbon saè blue,
  To bab at the neck o' his coatie.

Then Patie cam in wi' a stend;
  Cried, " Peace be under the biggin!"
" You're welcome," quo' William, " come ben,
  Or I wish it may rive to the riggin.

" Come in your wa's, Pate, and sit down,
  And tell us your news in a hurry,—
And, Meggie, gang you in the while,
  And put on the pat wi' the purry."

Says Patie, " My news is but sma';
  Yestreen I was wi' his honour,
And took three rigs o' braw land,
  And put myself under a bonnar.

"And now my errand's to you,
For Maggie to help me to labour;
But I'm fear'd we'll need your best cow,
Because that our hauding's but sober."

Quo' William, "To harl ye thro',
I'se be at the cost o' the bridal;
I'll cut the craig o' the ewe,
That had amaist died of the side-ill.

"And there will be plenty o' broo,
Sae lang as our wall is na reested,
To a' the neighbours and you;
Sae I think we'll be nae that ill feasted."

Blind Robin the piper did play;
And ilka ane danced that was willing;
And the rest they a' ranked thro',
And held the wee stoupie a-filling.

The auld wives sat and they chewed;
And whan that the carles grew nappy,
They danced as weel as they dow'd,
Wi' a knack o' their thumbs and a happie.

The lad that wore the white band,
I think they ca'd him Andrew Mather,
And he took the bride by the hand,
And cried to play up Maggy Lauder.

THE MILLER AND THE KING'S DAUGHTER.*

THERE were two sisters, they went a-playing,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a;
To see their father's ships sailing in,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a.

And when they came into the sea brim,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a,
The elder did push the younger in,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a.

* From "*Musarum Deliciæ*, or the Muse's recreation, containing several pieces of Poetique Wit, the second edit. by sir J. M. and A. S. 1656." It is also found in "Wit Restored, by J. S. London, 1658;" and in Dryden's Miscellanies; and is said to be by Mr Smith.

" O sister, sister, take me by the gown,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a',
And draw me up on the dry ground,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a'."

" O sister, O sister, that may not be,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a,
Till salt and oatmeal grow both of a tree,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a."

Somtymes she sank, sometimes she swam,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a',
Untill she came unto the milldam,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a'.

The miller run hastily down the cliffe,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a,
And up he betouk her withouten life,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a.

What did he doe with her brest bone,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a?
He made him a violl to play thereupon,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a.

What did he doe with her fingers so small,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a' ?
He made him peggs to his viol withall,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a.

What did he doe with her nose-ridge,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a ?
Unto his violl he made him a bridge,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a'.

What did he with her veynes so blew,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a ?
He made him strings to his viole thereto,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a.

What did he doe with her eyes so bright,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a ?
Upon his violl he play'd at first sight,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a'.

What did he doe with her tongue so rough,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a ?
Unto the violl it spoke enough,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a.

What did he doe with her two shinnes,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a?
Unto the violl they danct Moll Syms,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a.

Then bespake the treble string,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a,
" O yonder is my father the king,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a."

Then bespake the second string,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a.
" O yonder sits my mother the queen,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a."

And then bespake the strings all three,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a.
" O yonder is my sister that drowned mee,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a."

" Now pay the miller for his payne,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a;
And let him begone in the devil's name,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a."

SWEET ROBIN.

THIS little piece, which is very popular all over Scotland, is given from the recitation of a friend of the editor's in Morayshire. As it is commonly sung in that part of the country, the stanza runs thus:

"She wadna bake, she wadna brew,
(Hollin, green hollin!)
For spoiling o' her comely hue.
(Bend your bow, Robin!")

This burden seems to have belonged to some song of a very different description, which is probably now lost, although the air is preserved. In the little variation which the editor has presumed to introduce, he has endeavoured to preserve the character of the original burden, at the same time that he has made it somewhat more of a piece with the verses to which it is appended.

Another copy of this song, which has come to the editor's hands, is denominated "The Fife Laird," and begins in this manner:

"There liv'd a landart laird in Fife,
Riftfy, raftly, now, now, now;
And he has married a dandily wife;
Hey, Jock Simpleton, Jenny's white petticoat,
Robin a rashes, now, now, now.

"He courted her, and he brought her hame,
Riftly, raftly, &c.
And thought she wad prove a thrifty dame,
Hey, Jock Simpleton, &c.

"She cou'd neither spin nor caird,
Riftly, raftly, &c.
But sit her chair, and dawt wi' the laird,
Hey, Jock Simpleton, &c.

"She wadna bake, and she wadna brew,
"Riftly, raftly, &c."

The editor, ambitious of shewing himself "*ay kind to the wyffis*," has added five stanzas at the end, for the encouragement of all good ladies, who may have prudence enough, like the heroine of this little tale, to take the first warning; and as an admonition to every brave and fortunate hero of matrimonial enterprize, who may succeed in the difficult and dangerous attempt at taming a shrew, or reforming a bad wife.

SWEET ROBIN.

She wadna bake, she wadna brew,
(Lady, fine lady!)
For spoiling o' her comely hue;
(Sic a fine lady!)

She wadna wash, she wadna wring,
(Lady, fine lady!)
For spoiling o' her gay goud ring;
(Sic a fine lady!)

Robin he's gane to the fald,
(Robin, sweet Robin!)
And catched a weather by the spauld;
(Fair fa thee, Robin!)

And he has killed his weather black,
(Robin, sweet Robin!)
And laid the skin upon her back;
(Fair fa' thee, Robin!)

"I darena pay you for your kin,
Lady, fine lady;
But I can pay my weather's skin;
Husto! fine lady!

"I darena pay my lady's back,
Lady, fine lady!
But I can pay my weather black;
Husto! fine lady!"

"O Robin, Robin, lat me be,
Robin, sweet Robin;
And I'll a good wife be to thee;
Fair fa' my Robin!

"Its I will wash, and I will wring,
Robin, sweet Robin;
And never mind my gay goud ring;
Fair fa' my Robin!

"Its I will bake, and I will brew,
Robin, sweet Robin,
And never mind my comely hue;
Fair fa' my Robin!

"And gin ye thinkna that eneugh,
Robin, sweet Robin;
I'se tak the goad, and I'se ca' the pleugh,
My ain sweet Robin!

"Gin ye ca' for mair whan that is doon,
Robin, sweet Robin;
I'll sit i' the neuk and I'll dight your shoon,
My ain sweet Robin."

"O blessings on your bonny mou,
Peggie, dear Peggie;
It never smack'd sae sweet as now;
Fair fa' thee, Peggie!

"Then do your part, and do it weel,
Peggie, dear Peggie,
And kindness soon your dool will heal,
My bonny Peggie!

"Haud your house and bairnies clean,
Peggie, dear Peggie;
And chear your Robin morn and een,
My bonny Peggie!

"And ne'er anither Scotsman's wife,
Peggie, dear Peggie,
Sall be mair dauted for her life,
My bonny Peggie!

"For Robin's dearest wish was still,
Peggie, dear Peggie!
To rule your heart, but nae your will,
My bonny Peggie."*

---

* The following fragment is better, so far as it goes, than any of the others:

I.

There lives a landart laird in Fife,
And he has married a dandily wife;
She wadna shape, nor yet wad she sew,
But sit wi' her cummers, and fill hersell fu'.

She wadna spin, nor yet wad she card,
But she wad sit, and crack wi' the laird.
He is down to his sheep-fald,
And cleekit a weather by the back-spald.

He's whirled aff the gude weathers' skin,
And wrappit the dandily lady therein;
"I darena pay you for your gentle kin,
But weel may I skelp my weather's skin."

ROBIN'S COURTSHIP.

From Mr Herd's Collection, published at Edinburgh, in two volumes 12mo.

" How lang have I a bachelor been,
This twa and twenty year!
How aft have I a wooing gane,
Though I cam never the near!

" For Nannie she says, she winna hae me,
I look so like a clown;
But, by my sooth! I'm as good as hersel;
Sae I'se ne'er fash my thumb.

" She says, if I could loup and dance
As Tam the miller can,
Or cut a caper like the taylor,
She would like me than.

"By my word, it's daffin to lie;
My joints were ne'er so nimble;
The taylor he has naething to mind,
But his bodkin, shears, and thimble.

"And how do you do, my little wee Nan,
My lamb and slibberkin mouse?
And how does your father and mother do,
And a' the good folks i' the house?

"I think nae shame to shaw my shapes;
I'se warrand ye'll guess my errand;
You maun gang wi' me, fair maid."
"To marry you, sir, I'se warrand.

"But MAUN belangs to the king himsel,
But no to a country clown;
Ye might have said, 'Wi' your leave, fair maid,'
And latten your *maun* alane."

"O see but how she mocks me now;
She scoffs me, and does scorn;
The man that marries you, fair maid,
Maun rise right soon i' the morn.

"But fare ye weel, and e'ens you like,
For I can get anither."
He lap on his horse at the back o' the dyke,
And gaed hame to tell his mither.

When Nan saw that, she wadna wait,
But she has ta'en the taylor;
For, whan a lass gets the lad she likes,
'Tis better far than siller.

But whan he heard that Nansy was tint,
As he sat on yon know;
He ruggit his hair, he blubbert and grat,
And to a stane daddit his pow.

His mither came out, and wi' the dishclout
She daddit about his mow;
"The deil's i' the chield! I think he's gane daft;
"Get up, ye blubbring sow!" *

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* Here this rustic ballad breaks off very abruptly. The following stanzas, which are added in Mr Herd's collection, seem to belong to some other ditty, on this or a similar subject, and to be best adapted to the tailor, as interlocutor:

"If ever there was an ill wife i' the warld,
It was my hap to get her;
And by my hap, and by my luck,
I had been better but her.

"I wish I had lain i' my grave,
When I got her to marriage;
For the very first night the strife began,
And she gave me my carriage.

"I scour'd awa' to Edinborow town,
And my cutty brown together;
And there I bought her a braw new gown;
I'm sure it cost some siller.

"Ilka ell o't was a crown;
'Twas better than her marriage;
But because it was black, and it wasna brown,
For that I got my carriage.

"Whan I saw naething wad her mend,
I took her to the forest;
The very first wood that I came to,
Green hollin was the nearest;

"There I paid her baith back and side,
Till a' her banes play'd clatter;
And a' the bairns gathered round about,
Cry'd, "Fy, goodman, have at her!"

ROBIN'S COURTSHIP.*

To the Tune of—"The Beginning of the World."

"O MOTHER, chave bin a batchelour
This twelve and twanty yeare;
And I'ze have often beene a wowing,
And yet cham never the neare.
Jone Gromball cheel ha none o' mee,
I'ze look so like a lowt;
But I vaith cham as propper a man as zhe,
Zhee need not be zo stout.

* From "Wit Restored," by J. S. London, 1658. It has also been inserted in Dryden's Miscellanies.

"She zaies, if Ize cond daunce and zing
As Thomas Miller con,
Or cut a cauper as little Jack Taylor,
O, how cheed love me thon!
But zoft and faire, chil none of that;
I vaith cham not zo nimble;
The tailor hath nought to trouble his thought,
But his needle and his thimble."

"O zon, th' art of a lawful age,
And a jolly tidy boy;
Ide have thee try her once agane,
She can but say thee nay."
"Then O, gramercy, mother,
Chill zet a good vace o' the matter,
Chill dress up my zon as fine as a dog,
And chill have a fresh bout at her.

"And first chill put on my Zunday parrel,
That's lac't about the quarters;
With a paire of buckram slops,
And a vlanting paire of garters.
With my sword tide vast to my zide,
And my grandvather's dug'en and dagger,
And a peacock's veather in my capp,
Then oh! how I'ch shall swagger."

" Nay, tak thee a lockrum napkin, son,
To wipe thy snotty nose."
" 'Tis noe matter vor that, chill snort it out,
And vlurt it athart my cloths."
" Ods bodikins! nay, fy, away!
I prethee, son, do not so;
Be mannerly, son, till thou canst tell
Whether she'll hae thee or noe.

" But, zirrah!"—" Mother, hark a while,
Who's that, that comes so near?"
'Tis Jone Grumball, hold thy peace,
For feare that shee doe heare."
" Nay, on't be she, chill dresse my words
In zuch a scholard's grace;
But virst of all, chall take my honds,
And lay them athwart her vace.

" Good-morrow, my honey, my sugger-candy,
My little pretty mouse;
Cha hopes thy vather and mother be well,
At home at thine own house.
I'ch am zhame vac't to show my mind,
Cham zure thou knowst my arrant;
Zum zen, Jug, that I mun a thee."—
" At leisure, sir, I warrant.

" *You must*, sir clowne, is for the king,
And not for such a mome;
You might have said, *by leave, faire maid,*
And let your *must* alone."
" I'ch am noe more nor clowne, that's vlat;
Cham in my Zunday parrel;
I'ch came vor love, and, I pray, so tak't;
Che hopes che will not quarrel."

" O Robin, dost thou love me so well?"
" I'vaith, abommination!"
" Why, then, you should have framed your words
Into a finer fashion."
" Vine vashions, and vine speeches, too,
As schollards volks con utter,—
Chad wrather speak but twa words plaine,
Thon haulfe a score, and stutter.

" Chave land, chave houss, chave twa vat beasts,
That's better than vine speeches."
" 'Tis a sign that fortune favours fooles,
She lets them have such riches."
" Hark, how she comes upon me now!
I'd wish it be a good zine."
" He that will steal any wit from thee,
Had need to rise betime."

*** In Major Pearson's Collection of Ballads, in the library of the late Duke of Roxburghe, vol. ii. p. 348, is a copy of this ballad in black letter, intitled "The Merry Wooing of Robin and Joane, the west country lovers," in which the amorous parley ends somewhat more favourably for Robin, although perhaps not quite so naturally. The two concluding stanzas are as follows:

"I'se, vaith I'se am no vool I' se zay;
I'se think you zud know better;
Dost thou think I'se not know, I pray,
Good speech and manners better?"
"Tis sure you know not; if you did,
You'd ne'er have been a lover."
"Nay, nay, my dear; nay, nay, udzlid!
Why mun not I discover—

"What long in secret I'se ha kept,
And woud ha longer done it,
Had not my passion been zo heap'd,
I'se had no room for it."
"And are you in love, as you zay?"
"Yes, vaith and troth I zware it!"
"And, prithee, Robin, set the day,
And wees e'en both be married."

THE

OLD BALLET

OF

SHEPHEARD TOM.

From "Wit Restored," *by J. S. London.* 1658.

As I late wandred over a plaine,
Upon a hill, piping, I spide a shephard's swaine:
His slops were of green, his coat was of gray,
And on his head a wreath of willow and of bay.
He sigh'd and he pip't;
His eyes he often wip't;
He curst and band the boy,
That first brought his annoy,
Who, with the fire of desire so inflamde his minde,
To doate upon a lasse so various and unkinde.

Then, howling, he threw his whistle away,
And beat his heeles agen the ground whereon he lay.
He swore and he star'd; he was quite bereft of hope,
And out of his scrip he pulled a rope.
Quoth he, " The man that wooes
With me, prepare the noose;
For, rather than I'll fly,
By hemp I'll choose to dy."
Then up he rose, and he goes streight unto a tree,
There he thus complaines of his lasses cruelty.

" A pox upon the divell, that ever 'twas my lot,
To set my love upon so wooddish a trot.
Had not I been better tooke Jone of the mill,
Kate of the creame house, or bonny bouncing Nell.
A proud word I speak,
I had them at my beck;
And they on holydayes
Would give me pick and praise:
But Phillis she was to me dearer than my eyes,
For whom I now indure these plaguy miseryes.

" Oft have I wood her with many a teare,
With ribband for her head tire and laces from the fayre,
With bone-lace and with shoone, with bracelets and with
pinns,
And many a toy besides—good God forgive my sins!

And yet this plaguy flirt
Would ding me in the dirte,
And smile to see mee tear
The locks from my haire,
To scratch my chops, rend my slops, and at wakes to sit
Like to a sot bereft both of reason, sense, and wit.

" Therefore from this bough Tom bids a dew
To the shepherds of the valley, and all the jovial crew.
Farewell, Thump my ram, and Cut my bobtail curre;
Behold your master proves his owne murtherer.
Goe to my Philis, goe,
Tell her this tale of woe;
Tell her where she may finde
Me tottering in the winde:
Say, on a tree she may see her Tom rid from all care,
Where she may take him, napping, as Moss took his mare."

His Philis by chance stood close in a bush,
And as the clowne did sprawle, she streight to him did rush.
She cut in two the rope, and thus to him she said,—
" Despairing Tom, my Tom, thou hast undone a maid."
Then, as one amaz'd,
Upon her face he gaz'd;

And, in his woeful case,
She kist his pallid face;
He whoopt amaine, swore, no swaine ever more should be
Sae happy in his love, nor halfe so sweet as she.

SONGS.

SONG I.

BACHELOR'S SONG.

From "Wit and Drollery," *London*, 1682, p. 157.

LIKE a dogg, with a bottle tied fast to his tayle,
Or vermin in a trap, or theif in a jayle,
Or like a tory in a bog,
Or an ape with a clog;
Such is the man, who, when he might go free,
Does his liberty loose,
For a matrimony noose,
And sells himself into captivity.

The dog he does howle, when his bottle does jog;
The vermin, the theif, and the tory, in vain
Of the trap, of the jayle, or the quagmire complaine;
But well fair [fare] poor pug, for he plays with his clog,
And, though he would be rid on't, rather than his life,
Yet he huggs it, and he tuggs it, as a man doth his wife.

*** In the same Collection follows a reply, against libertines, of very inferior merit; which is succeeded by a rejoinder, that begins promisingly enough:

"Like a cat, with his tail fast held by a pegg;
Like a hogg, that gruntles when he's ty'd by the legg;
Like a gall horse in a pound,
Or a ship run a-ground;
Such is the man, who, ty'd in nuptial nooze,
With the proud store braggs
Of his patches and his raggs,
And rails at looseness, yet fain would get loose."

SONG II.

BY THE EDITOR.

Ane young man stert into that steid,
Als cant as ony colt,
Ane birkin hat upon his heid,
With ane bow and ane bolt ;
Said, " Mirry maidnis, think nocht lang ;
The wedder is fair and smolt ;"
He cleikit up AN HIE RUF SANG,
" Thair fure ane man to the holt, &c."
Peblis to the Play, St. 5.

THAIR fure ane man to the holt,
And wow gif he was fane!
He brankit like ane colt;
For wowand he was bane;
And " Hey, cum up, cum up!"
And " hey cum up!" quod he;
" And quhair is ane freik on ground,
Darris cry Bo! to me?"

The cummer tuik hir mantel,
  Bot and hir goldin fan;
And farrand till the fell,
  Scho met hir awin guid man;
And "Hey, cum up, cum up!"
  And "hey cum up!" quod he;
"And quhair is my cummer gane
  In al this bravourie?"

"I cum so buskit here
  For the, my dow, to luik;
And, bot thy herte to chere,
  Na uthir kepe I tuik."
Then "Hey, cum up, cum up!"
  And "hey cum up!" quod he;
"And quhair is ane wyff on ground
  Sa leal als Margerie?"

Up spak his suster than,
  (God gif hir mikel cair!)
"Ane tryst with hir lemman,
  Scho hais in holtis hair;"
And "Hey, cum up, cum up!"
  And "hey, cum up!" quod scho;
"And quhair is my lady now
  Wald stawin fra me my jo?"

"Gif me that gay mantel,
Bot and that goldin fan,
And I sall ouir the fell
To speik with zour lemman;"
And "Hey, cum up, cum up!"
And "hey, cum up!" quod he;
"Se now quhilk dourest is,
His riggand or this tre?"

The wowar be hymsel,
Als cant als ony cone,
Saw quhair the gay mantel
Was skinkland in the sone;
And "Hey, cum up, cum up!"
And "hey cum up!" quod he;
"Here is my leal lemman
Cum to the holt to me."

Wel helit in ane hude,
Bos and ane wympil clere,
Gude-man in felloun mude
Ful tentillich dreuch nere;
Then "Hey, cum up, cum up!"
And "hey cum up!" quod he;
"Haif at the, loun, that wald
John Golkston mak off me!"

Syne lent him sic ane rout
  Gart al his banis crak;
And round and round about
  Dushit him coist and bak;
And "Hey, cum up, cum up!"
  And "hey, cum up!" quod he;
"Ga, voist now till thy feris
  Quhat golk zu makis me!"

SONG III.

BY THE EDITOR.

The first Stanza is current in Scotland.

THE doitit ald carl cam o'er the craft,
Wi' his ald beard newlin shaven;
He glowrt at me as he had been daft;
The carl trow'd that I wad hae him.
Chorus. Hout awa, I winna hae him!
Na, na, I winna hae him;
The carl's fey to think that I
For a' his goud and gear wad hae him!

He whaisled an' hostit as he cam in,
Wi' his ald beard newlin shaven;
Syne wytit the reek an' the frosty win',
An' glowrt at me as I wad hae him.
Hout awa, &c.

Wi' welcome my minnie bad him come ben,
Wi' his ald beard newlin shaven;
He hunkert him down like a clockin hen,
An' flyret at me as I wad hae him.
Hout awa, &c.

He steer'd the ingle, and dichtit his beik,
An' his ald beard newlin shaven;
Says,—" Lassie, wad ye a good-man like,
That lues ye leal, gin ye wad hae him.
Hout awa, &c.

" Wi' horses an' sheep, an' owsen an' ky,
An' cottar folk mail an' kain to pay him,
An' fouth an' routh, an' a heart, forby,
As canty's a crick, gin ye wad hae him.
Hout awa, &c.

" Wi' a gude stane house, an' a pantry bien,
An' chiel nor chare to want them frae him;
An' himsel baith feirie an' crouse at e'en,
To cuddle wi' you gin ye wad hae him."
Hout awa, &c.

" Gae 'wa, ye dozent poor body, gae 'wa,
Wi' your ald beard newlin shaven;
Blear'd, fusionless, fitless, and fey witha,
How can the daft carl bid me hae him!
Hout awa, &c.

" For sooth, three score winna do wi' me,
Wi' his ald beard newlin shaven;
Ald gerrons they downa to labour lee,
And a chiel maun be stark or I hae him.
Hout awa, &c.

SONG IV.

I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MIRE.

THE warld has cross eneuch o' will;
What d——— needs love to mak it mair,
To gnaw an' pine, an' plague folk still,
An' wear their lives out till a hair!
Sin I loed, black has been my fa';
But sooth its time to smore the fire,
Whan love remains, an' hope's awa—
I wish my love were in a mire!

To sich an' graen the lee-lang day,
To toss an' tumble out the night;
To grow as weak's a windle-strae,
As green as whey, as thin's a weight;
To lo'e till a' life's spunk is out,
Syne get the fewel, butt the fire;—
Shame fa' his silly head wad do't;
I loor my love were in a mire!

SONG V.

BOBBING JOHN.

Hey for Bobbin John!
Kittle up the chanter!
Bang up a Strathspey,
To fling wi' John the Ranter.
Johnie's stout an' bald,
Ne'er could thole a banter;
Bien in byre an' fald,
An', lasses, he's a wanter.

Back as braid's a door;
Bow-hough'd like a felly;
Thick about the brands,
An' o'er the breast an' belly.
Hey for Bobbin John!
Kittle up the chanter!
Queans are a' gane gyte
To fling wi' John the Ranter.

Bonny's his black e'e,
  Blinkin', blythe, an' vogie,
Wi' lassie on his knee,
  In his nieve a cogie;
Syne the lad will kiss,
  Sweetly kiss an' cuddle;
Cald wad be her heart,
  That coud wi' Johnie widdle.

Sonse fa' Bobbin John;
  Want an' wae gae by him;
There's in town or land
  Nae chiel doesna envy him.
Flingin to the pipe,
  Bobbin to the fiddle,
Kneif was ilka lass,
  That coud wi' Johnie meddle.

THE END OF VOLUME FIRST.

Edinburgh,
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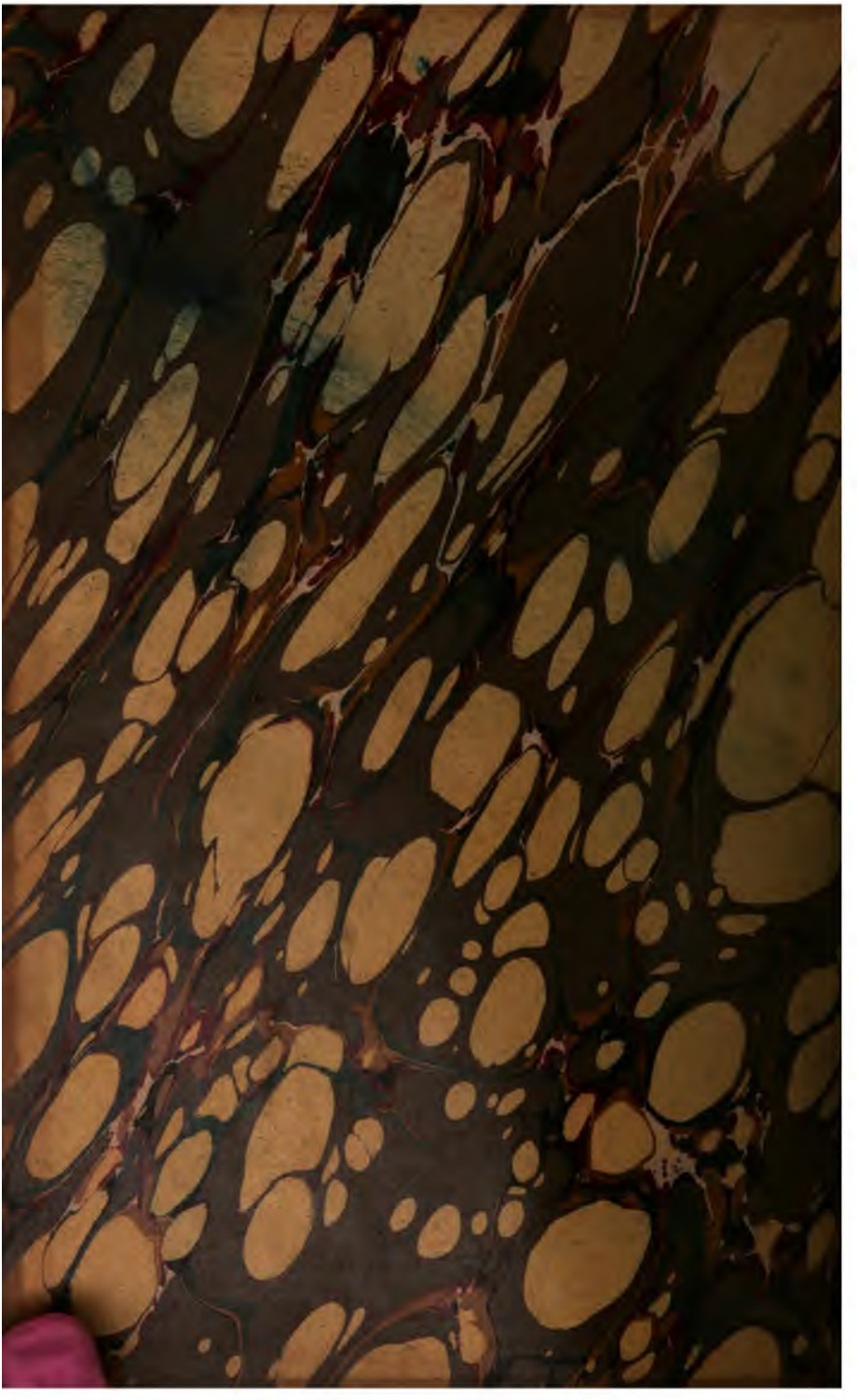

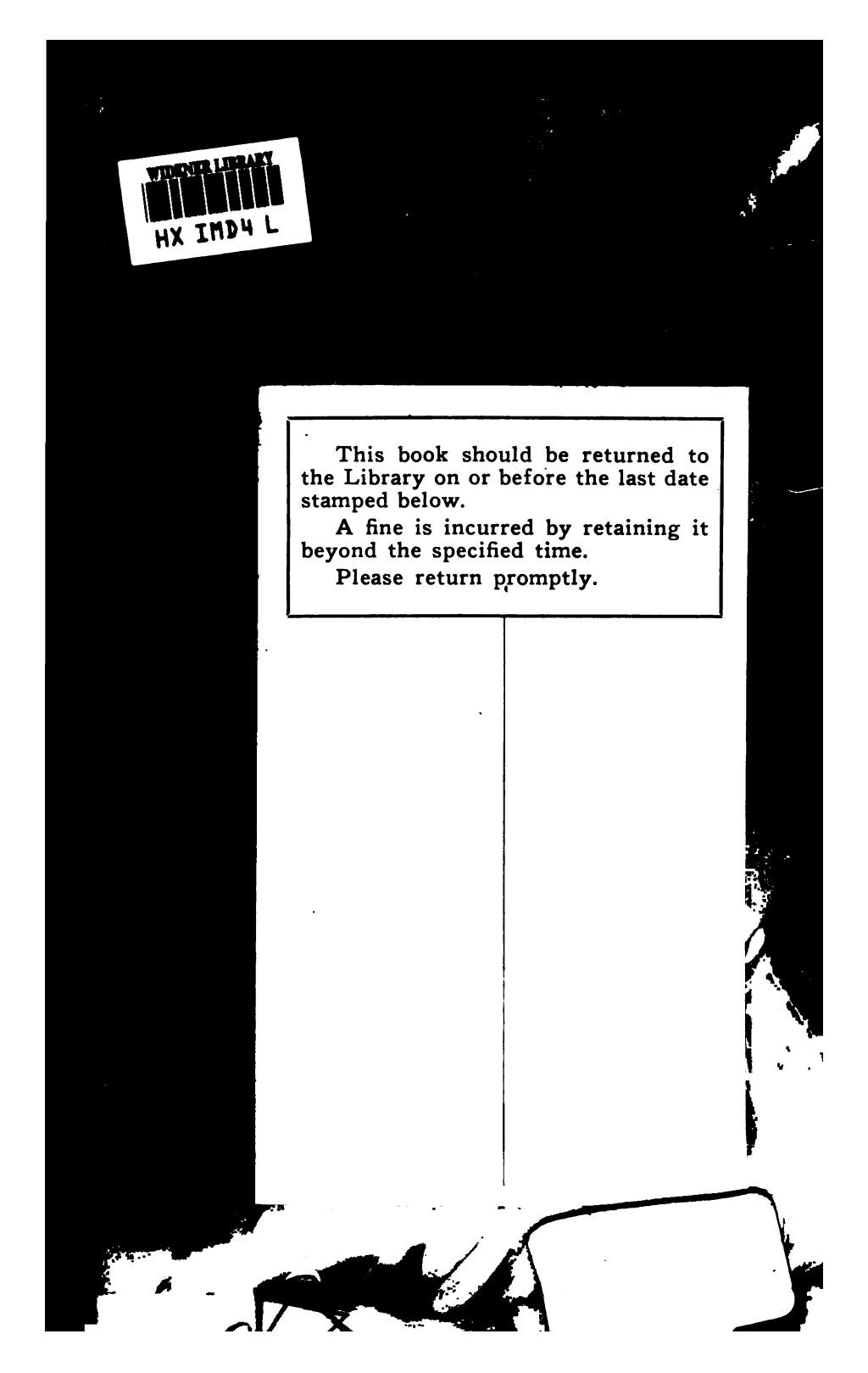
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